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SURF TOONS

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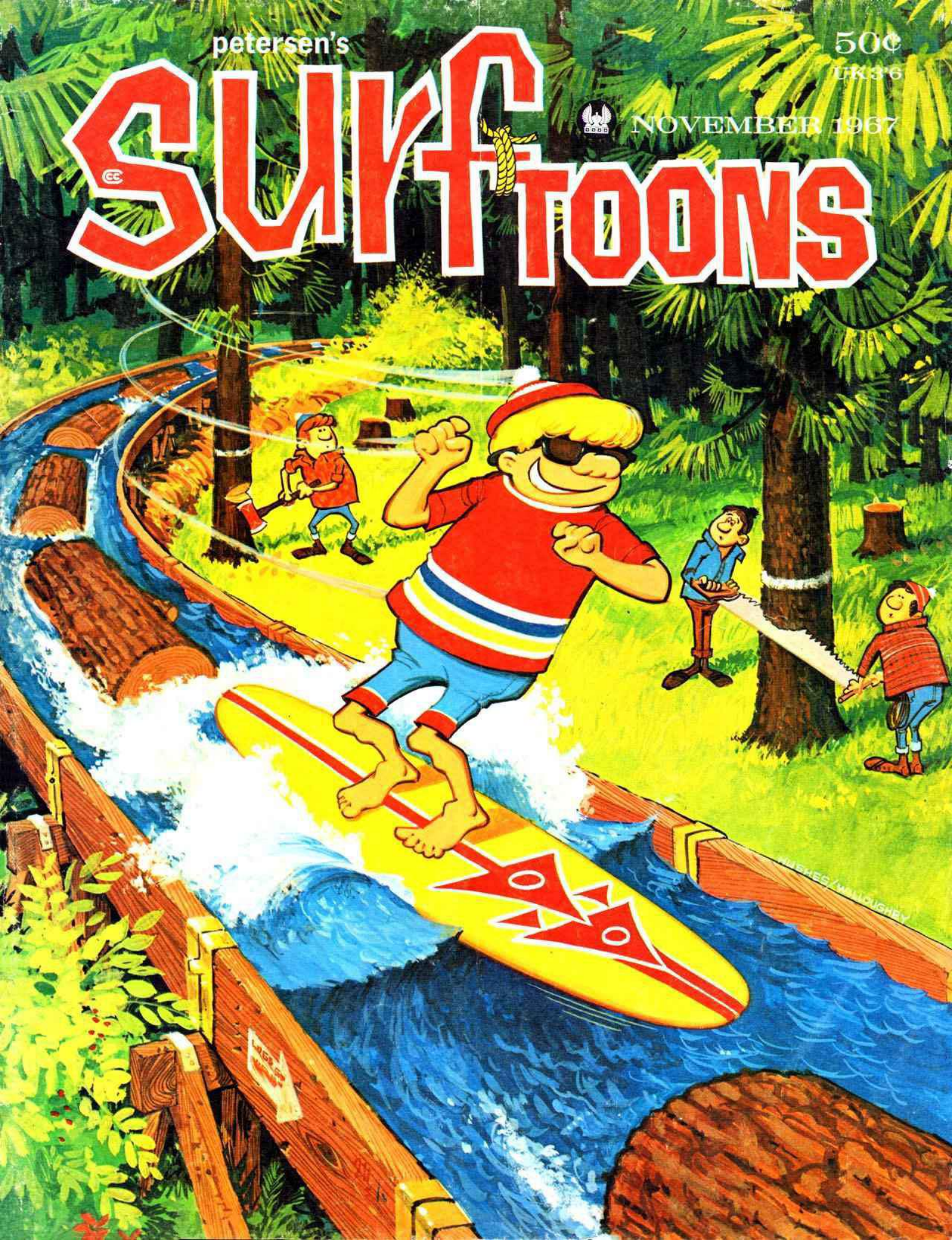
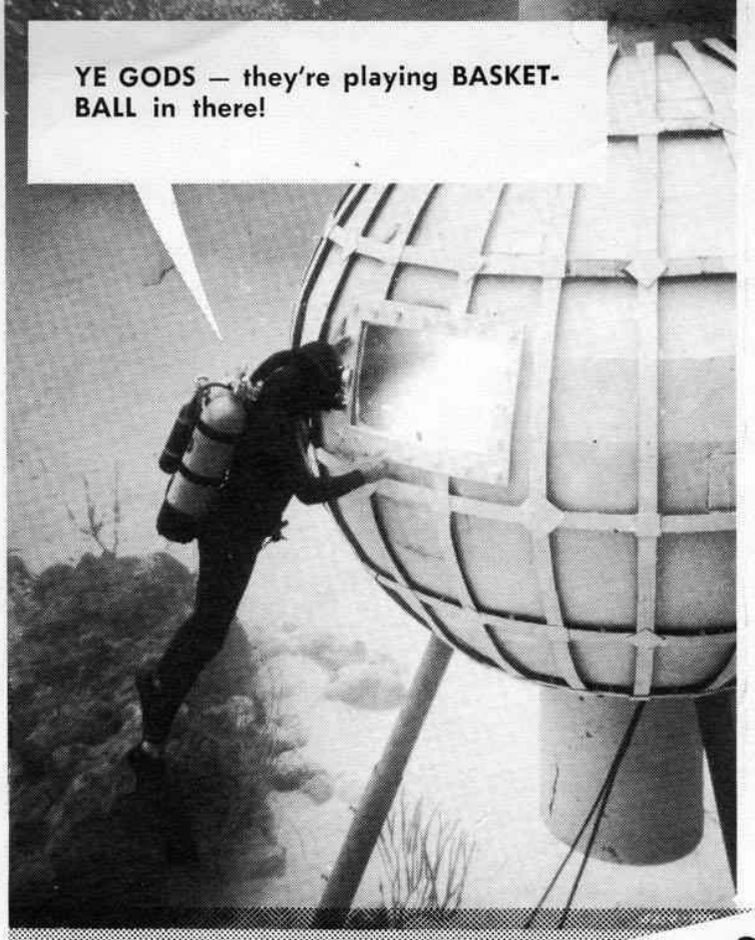
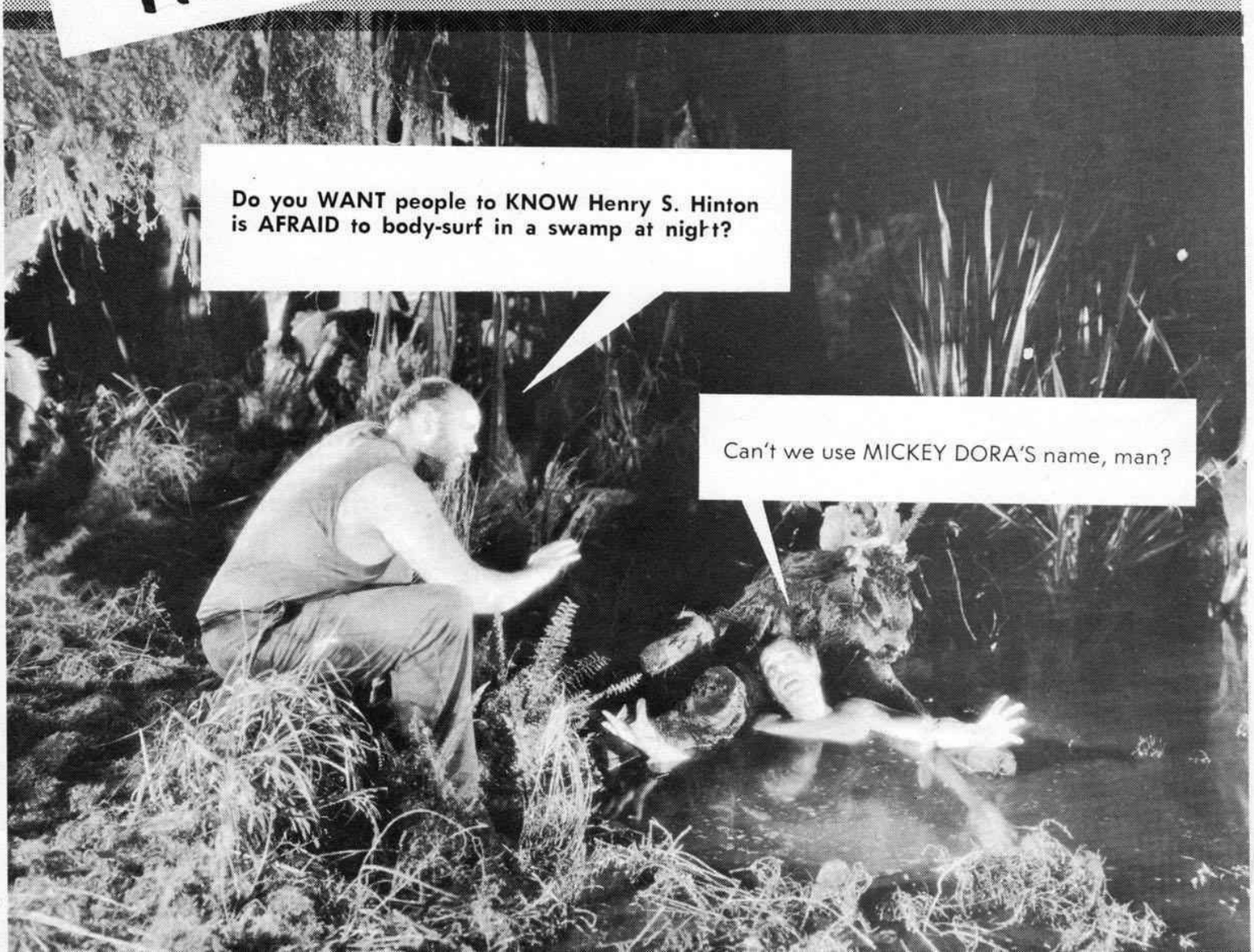
NOVEMBER 1967





THE SURFIN' SEEN



SURFTOONS

BE UPRIGHT, NOT UPTIGHT

NOVEMBER 1967

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KOOL IT

LEGALIZE POP

Okay, so maybe Winter is slowly surrounding YOUR neighborhood (assuming you don't live on a South Seas Island) but, here, on the SURFTOONS shoreline, the weather continues hot, clear and groovy to the degree of being undeniably Summer-ish since this imaginary beach cannot be affected by climate or the ordinary elements. In fact, about the only thing that CAN affect it is your opinion of what this beach needs or how you feel regarding what it already offers. Don't be shy: scribble up a storm and let's hear from you. Uncomplimentary notes don't go straight into the wastebasket. Honest. First, we read them — and THEN they hit the interior of the Circular File. Sugary notes get even swifter treatment. We discovered they attract ants if left lying around. Your best bet is a nice, honest & nurdish note conveying everything from the top of your pointed little head to the bottom of your rotten little heart. We're STILL laying good coins on gifted letterwriters, so if you dig swag — read the following thingies, then go & do likewise . . .

1ST-PRIZE WINNER ($15.00)

Although I'm about as Hodaddy as a person can get (I can't even swim well), I've developed quite an interest in surfing. My interest in this sport of sports started when I read SURFTOONS #1. I've managed to get every issue since then. Try not to put the magazine out too regularly or I may be forced to seek employment in order to keep getting SURFTOONS everytime.

RICHARD BUCKO
435 Brock Street
Sudbury, Ontario, Canada

Anybody who has collected EVERY issue since #1 and would bravely risk employment in order to stay up with us is OUR kinda people!

2ND-PRIZE WINNER ($10.00)

I can't believe it! Are you guys for REAL? It was a Happening when I came across your Zowie Mag! I think Dennis Ellefson is the grooviest! To tell the truth, I've never actually made the surfing scene in my life because the Males in Michigan (yes, we DO surf here!) mostly dig the Femmy Type so we leave surfing to the guys. But this isn't to say we're not in the surfin' bag! We LUV it! I dig the KOOL IT! section and also the penpal kick. In fact, I'd love to hear from some of you groovy Beachniks! I dig the longhair set and I rave-out for Folk Rock played throbbingly by Bob Dylan and Donovan (my particular Faves). By the by, I'm 16, Blonde and anxiously awaiting to hear from YOU, whomever you are! Be a Luv and answer my plea!

BECKY NIEMI
R.R. #1 — West
Newberry, Michigan 49868

Wild little note, Sweetz and congrats. You'll be awash with replies very soon now.

3RD-PRIZE WINNER ($5.00)

The only reason I'm bothering to write is I hope to bring it to the attention of you Authorities that a very cruel practice is taking place almost every minute of the day on beaches: *Careless beachbums are stepping upon helpless clams!* Pretty horrible, huh? Let's see if we cannot put a stop to this unnecessary and senseless molestation of mollusks.

RODNEY THOMAS
Apt. #1
866 Gallatin
Santa Clara, California 95051

Now THERE'S a Real Human Being!

I'm just *dying* to get in on the surfing scene but, unfortunately, there is no place near here to go surfing. I'd love to have a guy (or gal) be my pen-pusher and clue me to the hippiest action going! I'm 17, and I also dig Stock Car Races.

DIANE HOWLETT
919 Forhan Street
Wallaceburg, Ontario, Canada

Okay, somebody get busy & wire this doll in to Where It's At.

"Guess what, Mom? I'm going STEADY!"

That's a fab-idea you have about a penpal section in your magazine. I get stoked over your fab cartoons and fotos. I got no bones to pick with the West Coast surfers: you got most of the best surf. But if any of you ever get out this way, look me up and I'll take you to the groove-spots. Like to hear from guys and gals.

ALAN FLEMING
46 Cobalt Lane
Westbury, New York 11590

An Eastern surfer with NO bone to pick? Man, are you a rarity! Everybody write this guy, telling him how KEEN he is.

I hooked my eyeballs onto your July issue and my li'l old brain clicked up thoughts of Wild & Boss; but when I hinged my paws on your September issue, I just set back on my haunches and decided to write and kompliment you and your employees on the tuffest mag I've ever land my bloodshot eyes over. Your penpal notion is a brain-Tornado. Yeah, and I hope to hear from some cutes broads in the 13-years range. GO, you cuties!

BILLY McDANIEL
1501 West 3rd Street
Owensboro, Kentucky 42301

Keep them eyeballs open and ready for action, Babes.

Around here, SURFTOONS is practically the Bible of everybody who owns a stick or even those who just mess around on the beach and wish they owned a board so they could get with the action on the waves. My copies of your mag get tattered in no time at all by buddies (and their broads) who can't wait to see what's new in SURFTOONS. How about sending a free copy for a guy who's been helping you out by loaning his own copies to others, thereby building many more fans for your really hip publication? Don't you think I deserve a free copy or two, at least, man?

PETE MARTINIO
Tampa, Florida

Sure do, but you didn't include your street address.

My brother and I really like SURFTOONS, and we wish we could get it oftener. I'd like to hear from some 12-year-old penpals.

ROBERT BLASE
1523 North Pacific Avenue
Gendale, California 91202

You'll hear from 'em, Old Buddy.

Greetings! Salutations! Hi! Got hold of one of your mags and, boy, is it BOSS! It's the biggest thing since Mickey Mouse sweatshirts Anyway, I need HELP. I moved away from the waves and I'm real lonely for the surf. If there are any surf-lovin' Bunnies who would like to write and reassure me that the ocean's still there — PLEASE DO! I'm 19.

ROB BREEZE
432 East 14th Street
Lockport, Illinois 60441

That's a cool line, man.

SURFTOONS IS A GRROOOVE! I've been wanting to write since last summer but inbetween working, I've been too busy surfing to get anything on paper! If anyone out there (in the Woodland Hills area) is a loose drummer and wants to join a band — please write to me, huh?

RYANNE HARRISON
22819 Mulholland Drive
Woodland Hills, California 91364

You're a girl-bandleader? That's wild!

Have just finished reading the last issue of SURFTOONS. It was fantastic as usual, of course! Being as everybody's siding up with their favorite artist, I now put my vote in for *Madcap Mike Dormer*. Wake Up, America! To all readers: Maybe if we all chip in and bought our fave-staff a load of vitamins they might get the hint and work a little harder so we could get our groovy mag once each High Noon. Surf's up, gotta split. It's 200-miles away, that's why.

DAN MAULDIN
Rt. #1, Box 390
Nevada City, California 95959

You dig Dormer's stuff, huh? So does Dormer. Now the two of you can lose your minds and form a Fan Club.

This new artist, J. B. Talmadge, is really just about the wildest talent I've ever seen in a long, long time. Maybe it's just my girlish intuition but I'll bet he's a young guy — because he seems to be right on top of today's humor, and to know it he would HAVE to be about 20 or 22. Am I right? I'll bet he's good looking, too. Right? Why don't you print a photo of him so I can tell if my guessing is any good. No kidding, his drawing-style really is catching a lot of attention among my friends — and we watch SURFTOONS because it has the most modern humor going for it that any magazine on the stands offers. Talmadge is beautiful!

KAREN SUE BROWN
Berkeley, California

Okay, Toots, here's a shot of The Talmadge (far left) taken during a recent Surfari. Does he meet with your girlish dreams and all? You're wrong about his age: he's only 72. Fulltime freelance cartooning ages guys like everything.

One of the things I dig most about SURFTOONS is the fact that you don't depend upon a lot of photos showing sexy girls in order to entertain your readers. There's just nothing more sickening than girls who wear skimpy bikinis on public beaches. They probably think everybody is admiring them but if they really knew what the boys are *thinking* – they'd be too ashamed to ever show their stupid faces in public after making cheap spectacles of themselves. I've been taught that if she wants to be respected, a girl must behave and look like a lady – even when she goes to the beach. And don't try to tell me that girls *can't* buy bathing suits that indicate proper modesty because I own three suits like that, and they're still being sold in many stores. Please don't print my full address. I don't want a lot of sick letters from boys or arguments from a bunch of cheap girls who want to defend themselves. Keep SURFTOONS as nice as it's been and I'll buy every issue that comes out.

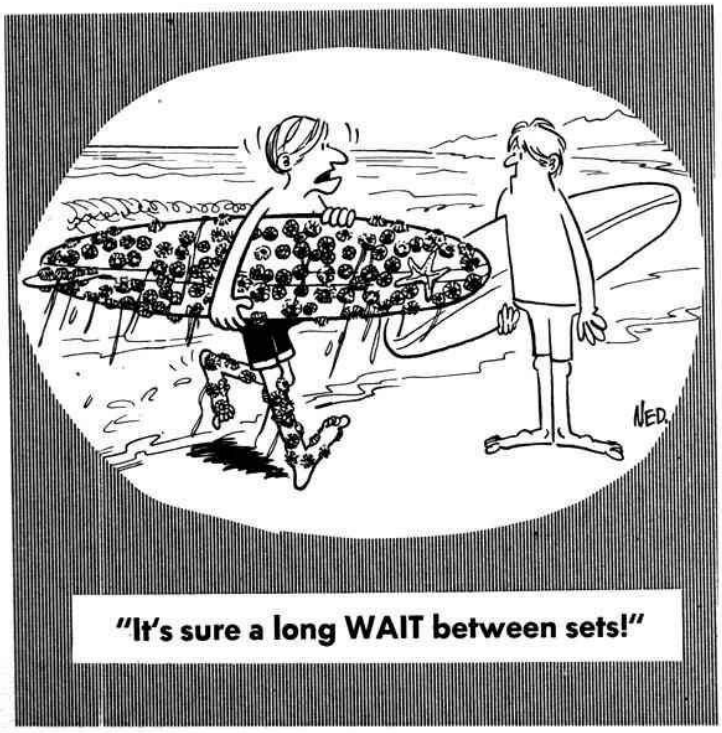
ALICE BERNE
Galveston, Texas

Kinda prudish, ain'tcha, Sweetz? Or, maybe, you just aren't equipped to look as fetching in a bikini as some of the other dolls?

Just picked up the September issue. It's my third, but on THIS one I was really stoked. I mean, it's GOT to be the MOST! What I really dug was that feature, "Surfers' Horoscope" by Talmadge! I'm a Pisces but I still dug it. I figured that if I went around, with a copy of your mag in my hand, long enough (sort of a Good Luck charm) I'd meet some girls – and I finally did! But how much popularity can anyone expect when they have a green mouth from chomping on kelp? I'm only 13 but I'm wild for the surfing scene even though I've never actually been on a stick yet.

MARK WHAN
1185 Dresden Way
San Jose, California 95129

Better start modestly with a skimboard and work your way up to the regular boards by degrees.



"It's sure a long WAIT between sets!"

Tell your "loyal relative" (Sam Decker) that if the West Is Best, why didn't I see any of those surfnuts actually surfing? All I saw were Jeep-nuts pulling some nurds without any smarts out of the old sand. My brother is always teasing me about not knowing anything about cars. In case you haven't guessed, I'm a girl-type. You guys out there about 13 to 15 (especially guys named Randy or Terry), how about writing to me and helping me to learn more about what's with cars and all?

SHERRY SCHULTZ
RR #1
Elizabethtown, Indiana 47232

What are you gonna do if a lot of surfers named Mike or Nick or Fred or John write to you, telling you what's with the sandy scene, Toots?

Somewhere in this big country there must be a few witty, interesting girl-types who would like to send notes to a beachbum like me. I'd sure like to hear from beachbunnies around 12 or 13 – especially if they live inland and don't get to hit the beach too often. I'm also a model-car builder and I dig all kinds of things like R & R music, social talk and other stuff. Can you put this note in the next issue of SURFTOONS, dad?

MATT KOHLER
Box 4325
Glendale, California 91202

I suppose YOU think you've got some special pull just because we're related, huh?

I sure do thank you tuff, gear, fab people who print SURFTOONS for the bread you sent to me for my little scribbling work. Let me tell you, it was just too much – getting that nice, fat check – and it was just too great for words seeing my note in print. Keep up the cool work because all of little old me really LUVS the magazine.

KATHY MOORE
526 Vaughan
Sequin, Texas

You're welcome, Sweetz.

I do my surfing down to Cape Hatteras, and down there a guy has to FIGHT to get one of your rags – SURFTOONS is so popular. Practically gone off the newsstands the same day they appear. I'm scribbling these few words to let you know I agree with Penny, Virginia and anybody else in favor of this penpal thingie. It'll improve your mag 100%. Any girls reading this who are ready for a 16-year old surfer with brunette coloring who digs the beach and loves to exchange ideas by mail – drop me a line. Would like to hear from dolls in the 13-17 range, if possible. That Ted Wallace ought to bury himself in sand up to his neck and wait for crabs to come along and chew-off his mouth: he's giving us Eastern surfers a bad name and making us look bad because a lot of buys will think his attitude is typically Eastern.

JOHN GILLIKIN
Box 274
Buxton, North Carolina 27920

Naw, we know a Troublemaker when we hear one, man.

"HELP! I think I'm gonna drown!"

I have a complaint about your rag. You guys are giving us surfers a bad name. You give everybody the impression that us surfers wear Iron Crosses, that we worship surf-gods and all kinds of similar junk. Surfing doesn't have anything to do with stuff like that. We LIKE surfing and we think the simple truth ought to be told, so if you wanna stay popular with us surfers you better print THIS letter, man.

MIKE LOYLOR
Rt. #5
Pittsbury, Texas 75686

I dunno — you don't SOUND like a surfer, kid.

Hi, surfer thingies! Stuck my surfboard in a cement crack long enough to scribble down a few words to all you surf-types. Hey, Carl, do me a giant-like favor: stuff a buncha SURFTOONS on the mag-shelf every 30days so's us lonely-type guys can take a peek-see at the surfin' world. Don't mind the writing because I'm doing it with my big toe. Well, gotta fly away now because my wings are getting rusty. See you next issue, man.

CRAIG KEIL
2218 Milbourne
Flint, Michigan 48504

Not if I see you first, flapping toward me with those (Ugh!) rusty wings.

Whoever gave Virginia Baggott the information that there was no surf on Lake Michigan was certainly mistaken. I am a member of the Dunes Beach Surf Club, and 22-other-members and myself stand in agreement that there most certainly IS surf on Lake Michigan, even though it is not as consistent as it is on the coast. Anyone interested may write:

KEITH ADAMS
1636 Greenwood
Waukegan, Illinois 60085

Well, YOU oughta know, man.

I just finished reading your COOL mag and it's OUTA SIGHT! You tell those cartoonies that they're really good! Please try to include my note in the next, wild issue. It will be a real privilege to see it in there, man.

CANDEE HOAG
1002 7th Street
Calexico, California

Regard yourself as like included, Sweetz.

SURFTOONS is really groovy. Only one thing bugs me: I'd like to see more of that cute swinger, Sandab McSkegg in each issue. He's really trippy. Keep up the *cool-cool-cool* job!

LINDA CROSS
325 East Granada
Ontario, California 91762

We'll THINK about it.

Hey, Kohler, how about seeing a foto of what YOU look like? Unk Bonestell has pictures of himself in CARtoons, and Pappy Lemmons has pictures of himself in HOT ROD CARTOONS but you never put any pictures of yourself in SURFTOONS. No fair. Are you afraid to let the readers see how UGLY you are, man?

CHARLES GREENE
Reno, Nevada

Okay, here's a picture of Yours Truly (on the right) chatting with Ricky Nelson on the MALIBU U location. Movie Star Nelson and I are so unspeakably handsome you MAY have trouble telling us apart unless you squint real hard. Seriously, you're the first one to ask what I look like. I may send you free copies of SURFTOONS for the rest of your natural life, kiddo.

OBSERVE ADOPT-A-STICKBUM WEEK

. . . and there we are for another time around. Hope to hear from YOU soon. Trust THIS issue grabs your funnybone and keeps you happily hung-up on our brand of suntanned madness. See you.

HEY!

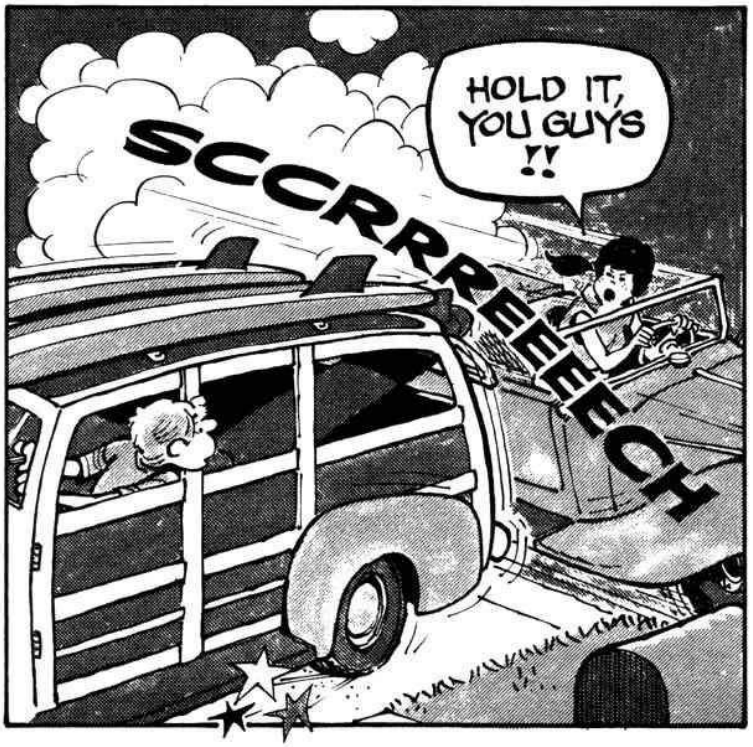
SURF TOONS

WILL COST ONLY 35c STARTING WITH THE NEXT ISSUE

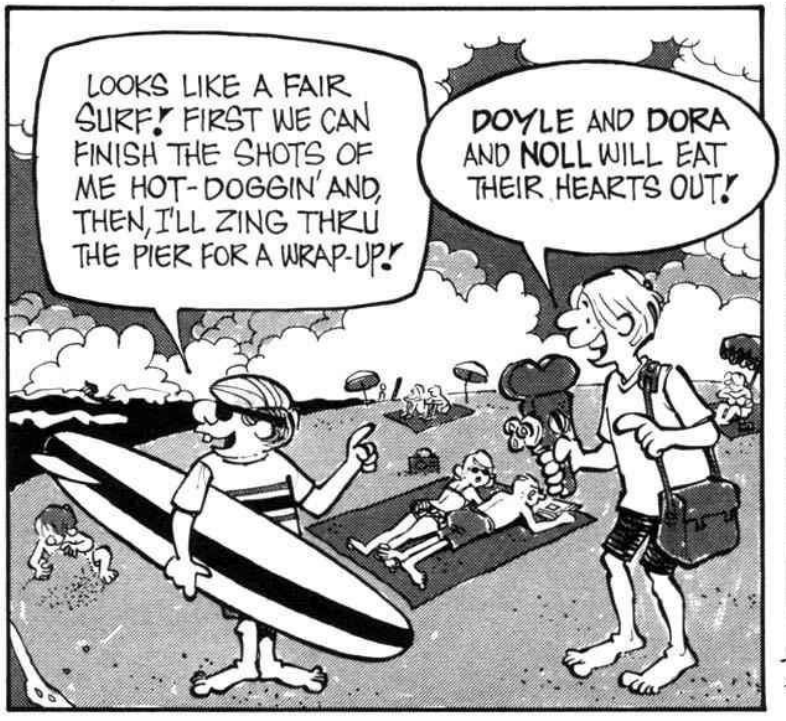
TIME, TIDE AND THE NEXT BUS WAIT FOR NO MAN

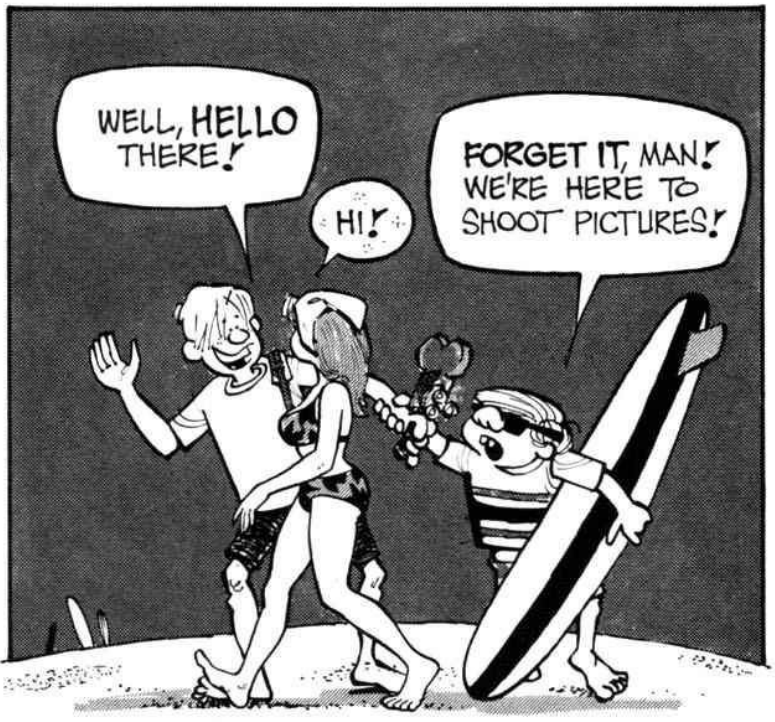
SHOT DOWN IN FRAMES

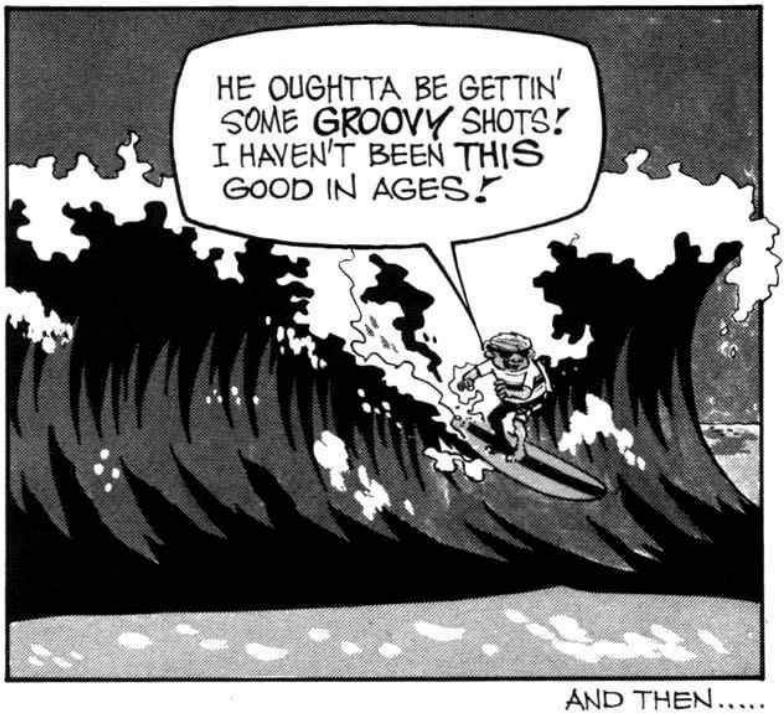
Story: CARL KOHLER
Art: Jim WILLOUGHBY



SURE, BUT SHE'S GOT **NOTHIN'** TO **WORRY** ABOUT. I WANNA GET RICH AND FAMOUS....NOT INVOLVED WITH MORE LITTLE **FOXES!**







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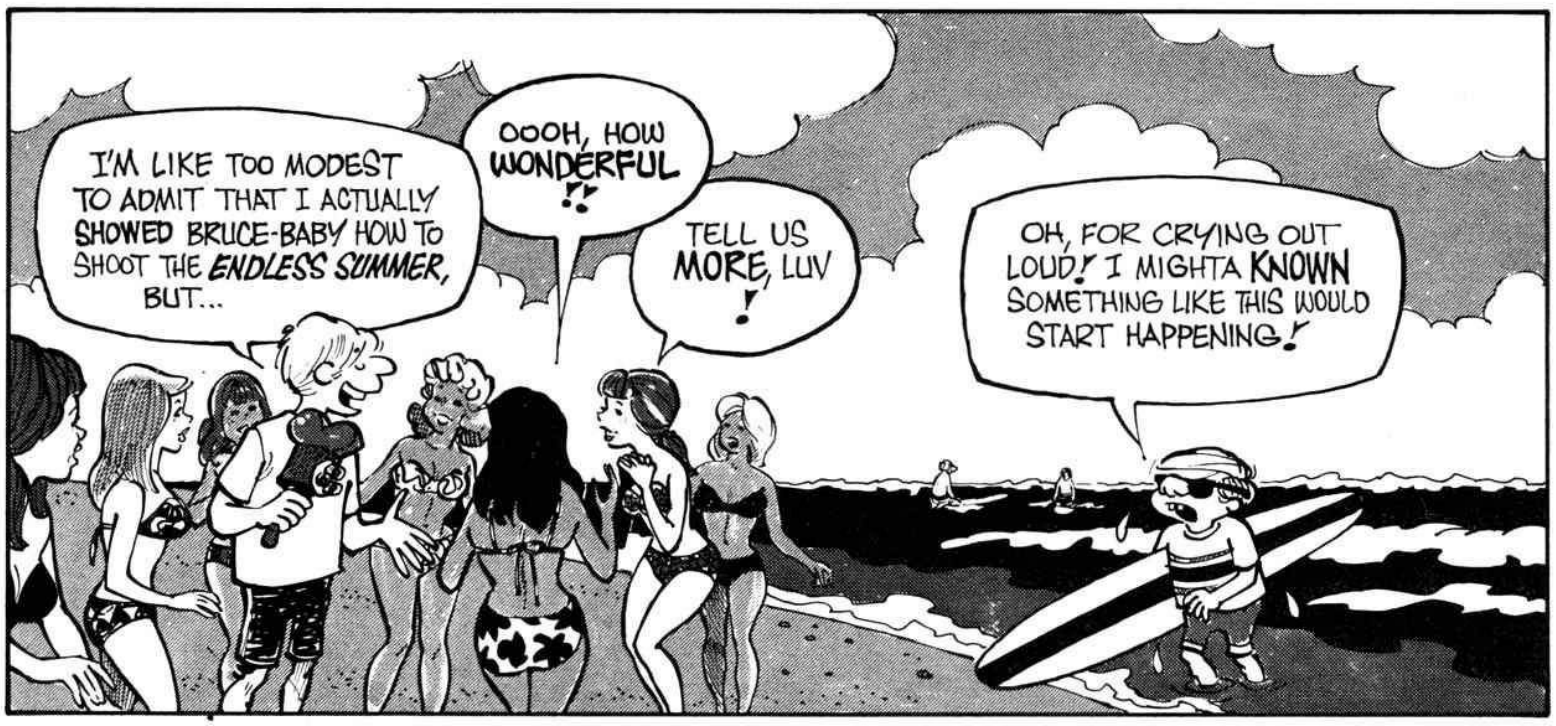
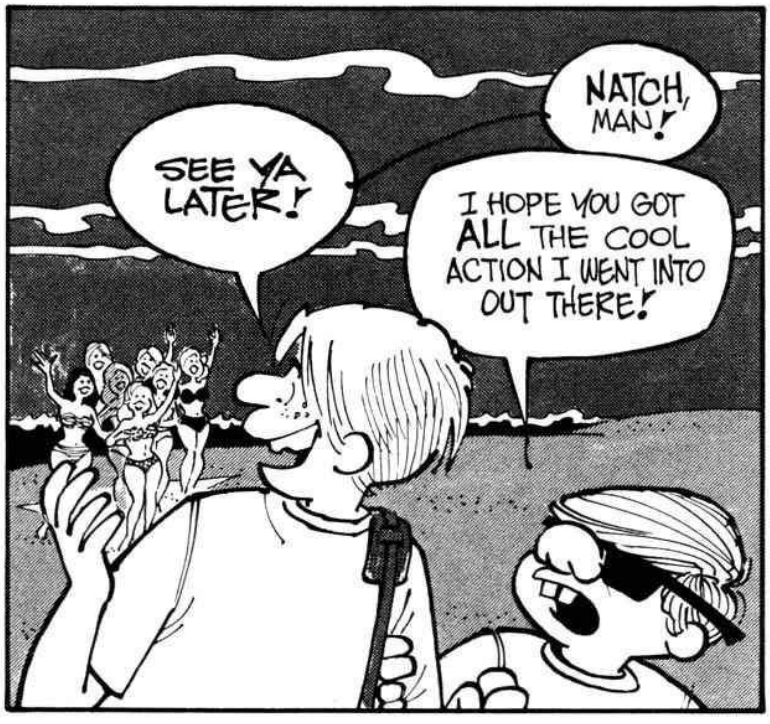

I'M LIKE TOO MODEST TO ADMIT THAT I ACTUALLY SHOWED BRUCE-BABY HOW TO SHOOT THE ENDLESS SUMMER, BUT...
OOOH, HOW WONDERFUL!!
TELL US MORE, LUV!
OH, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! I MIGHTA KNOWN SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD START HAPPENING!

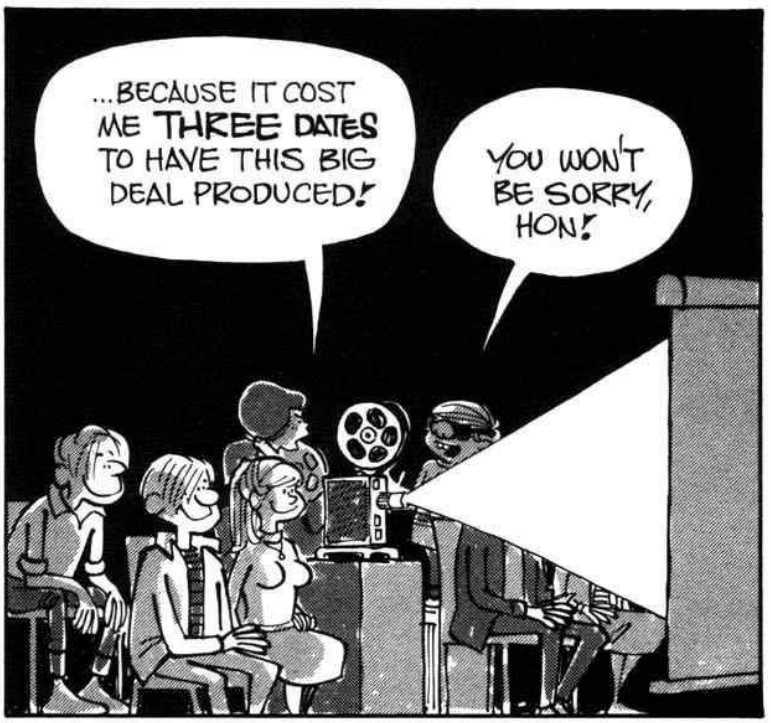

SEE YA LATER!
NATCH, MAN!
I HOPE YOU GOT ALL THE COOL ACTION I WENT INTO OUT THERE!

GOTTA WATCH THAT NITWIT EVERY MINUTE OR IT'LL TAKE FOREVER TO FINISH THIS SPECTACULAR WINNER!

I'LL BET EVEN JOYCE HOFFMAN OR J. J. MOON WERE NEVER BETTER THAN THIS!
RRROOOAAAAARRRRR

LISTEN, STUPID...
WE'RE OUTA FILM, MAN! BUT I THINK I GOT THAT LAST BIT BEFORE THE FILM GAVE OUT!

LATER...
WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEE WILL MAKE SURF-MOVIE HISTORY!
IT'D BETTER BE GREAT...


...BECAUSE IT COST ME THREE DATES TO HAVE THIS BIG DEAL PRODUCED!
YOU WON'T BE SORRY, HON!

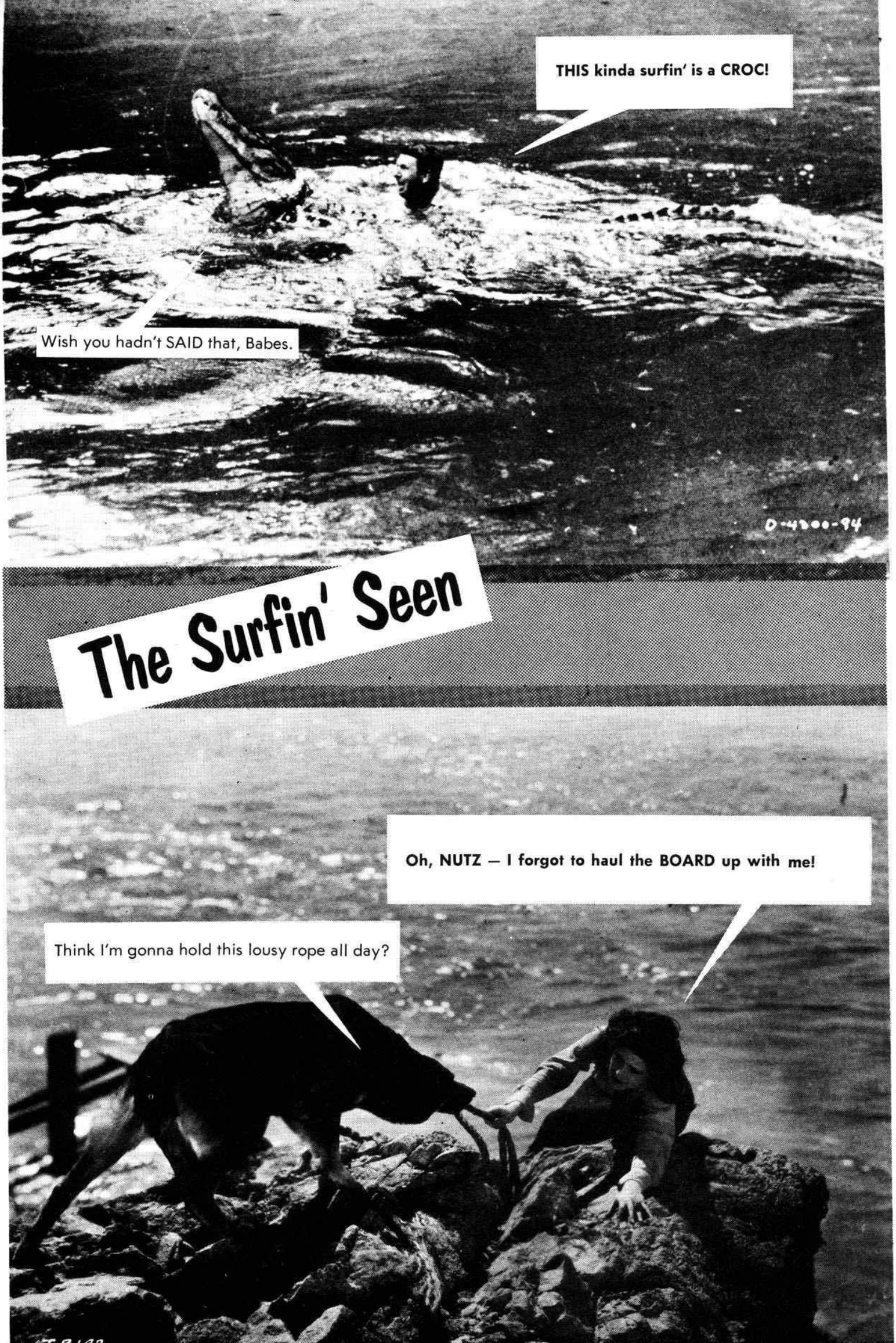
HERE I'M PICKING UP A WALL AND...

UH... I'M SUPPOSED TO BE MAKING A BOTTOM TURN HERE, BUT...

DOGGONE IT! WHAT WENT WRONG?

YOU WENT WRONG, LOVER!
SPLUDD

YOU GONNA HIDE UNDER THERE ALL NIGHT, OLD BUDDY, OR COME OUT AND GET BEAT-UP LIKE A MAN!
I KEEP TELLIN' YA... I'M A LOVER, NOT A FIGHTER, BABES!
END


THIS kinda surfin' is a CROC!
Wish you hadn't SAID that, Babes.
The Surfin' Seen
Oh, NUTZ — I forgot to haul the BOARD up with me!
Think I'm gonna hold this lousy rope all day?

Uncivil Servants

a Psycholocical Survey of illocical Lifeguards

By Talmadge

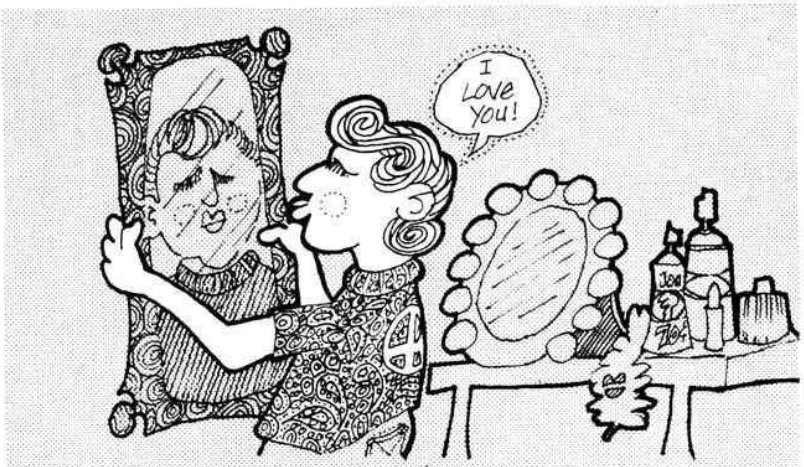
ANTI-SURFER ANXIETY -- THIS UNCOOL TYPE IS USUALLY A FORMER CITY-PARK-WADING-POOL-WATCHER WHO IS OUT TO PROTECT ALL TH' INNOCENT SAND-SETTLERS FROM TH' TERRIBLE WRATH OF TH' BOARD-BULLIES! YOU'LL FIND HIS KIND ONLY IN THE BEST SURFING SPOTS.

HIGH LIFEGUARD-STAND PHOBIA THAT GUY YOU THINK IS SO DEDICATED 'CAUSE HE'S SPENT THE LAST 134 1/2 DAYS AN' NIGHTS PERCHED IN HIS TOWER, IS ACTUALLY TERRIFIED OF HEIGHTS. HE GETS DIZZY WEARING ELEVATOR SHOES. SURF'S GOTTA BE "DOWN" BEFORE HE'LL STEP IN!

SEAWEED PHOBIA TYPE -- THINKS KELP IS SWIMMERS' MORTAL ENAMY, AN' WON'T ENTER TH' SOUP WITHOUT A TANK OF D.D.T. AND HEDGE CLIPPERS. YOU MIGHT AS WELL FORGET TH' RESCUE BIT. THEY ARE ONLY OUT TO RID THE WORLD OF THIS SALTY BEAST.

BULGING BICEPS BAG -- THEY GOT MUSCLES IN THEIR EAR LOBES. THEY'RE BUILT LIKE A KOMPACT KING KONG! ONE MINOR DETAIL THESE SUPER-SURFERS OVERLOOKED ... THEY CAN'T SWIM. THEIR RESCUE EQUIPMENT INCLUDES A 4-PLY FOAM-RUBBER WET SUIT, WATER WINGS, INFLATABLE RAFT, AND A RED CROSS NURSE!

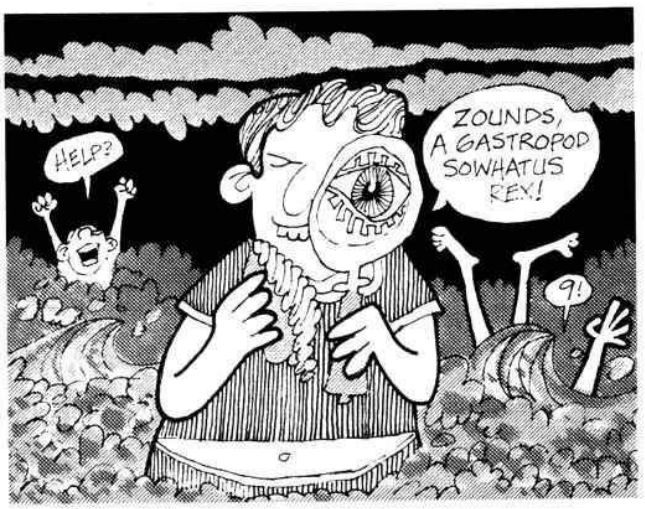
SAND-IN-EARS COMPLEX-- THESE WATER-WATCHERS DON'T MIND SAND BETWEEN THEIR TOES OR IN THEIR SILVER WHISTLES, BUT THEY LIVE IN FEAR OF PICKIN' GRAINS OUTTA THEIR EARS. THEY USUALLY BUILD CEMENT RAMPS RIGHT DOWN TO TH' SOUP 'AN WEAR EAR-PLUGS.



"PASS ME TH' HAIRSPRAY" HANG-UP-- THIS TYPE OF GUY (?) GOES FOR THE GOOD GROOMIN' GIG. IN FACT, HE WON'T TOUCH THE WET STUFF WITHOUT A BATHING CAP AND A NOTE FROM HIS BEAUTICIAN. HE SPENDS A GOOD PORTION OF HIS TIME KEEPING A SHARP LOOKOUT... IN HIS FULL-LENGTH MIRROR!

"WATER'S FOR GROWIN' FLOWERS" GIG -- THESE GUYS COME ON WITH TH' "IF GOD HAD MEANT FOR US TO SWIM, HE'D A GIVIN US FINS" BIT. THE FACT IS, THEY'RE SCARED SALTLESS OF TH' SOUP. THEY GOT THEIR LIFEGUARD PATCH FROM A WAR SURPLUS STORE.

"MY NOSE WILL GET BURNT" COMPLEX-- YOU'LL RECOGNIZE THIS TYPE: THEY GOT WHITE CREAM ALL OVER THEIR NOSE, WEAR BOBBY KNOOP" BASEBALL CAPS AND SIT UNDER RED AND GREEN UMBRELLAS. BE CAREFULL SURFING IN THEIR AREA-- THEY ONLY SAVE PEOPLE BETWEEN 8:30 AN' 9:00 P.M.



TIDEPOOL FIXATION-- THESE FOAM-FISHERS ARE FRUSTRATED MARINE BIOLOGISTS WHO SPEND ALL THEIR TIME COLLECTING SHELLS INSTEAD OF PEOPLE. YOU'D BETTER DISGUISE YOURSELF AS A SEA ANEMONE IF YOU WANT THEIR ATTENTION.

GIRL-GAZING MANIA-- THESE SOUP-SIFTERS HAVN'T TURNED THEIR EYEBALLS OCEAN-SIDE FOR MANY MOONS. THEY SPEND ALL THEIR MINUTES VIEWING THE WAHINI THROUGH ONE-WAY SUNGOGGLES. DON'T COUNT ON THEIR AID UNLESS YOU ARE A BLOND FEMALE TYPE: 38-24-36.

TALMADGE

A SHORT LESSON IN THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF BUMMING

YOU NO DOUBT HAVE HEARD THE EXPRESSION "NOBODY IS PERFECT"

THAT IS NOT TRUE.

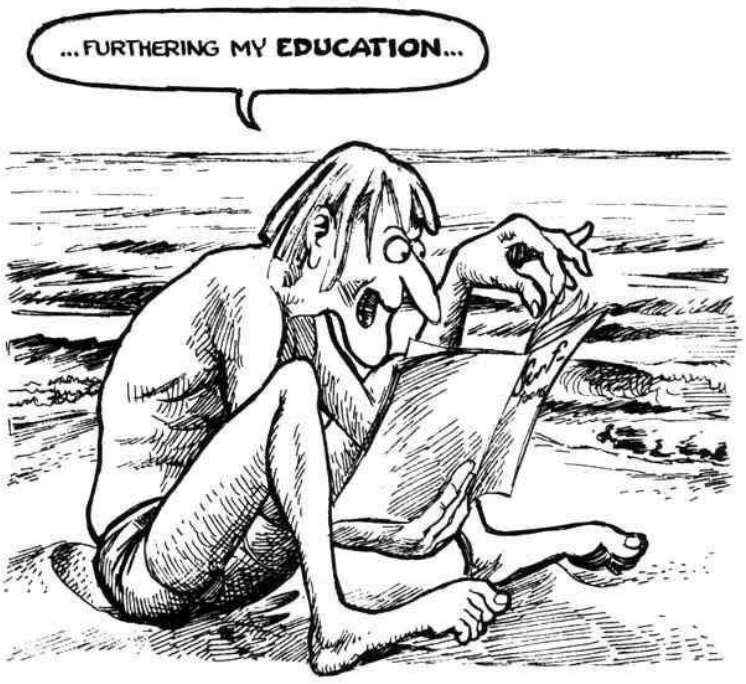
FOR INSTANCE, I AM A PERFECT **BUM.**

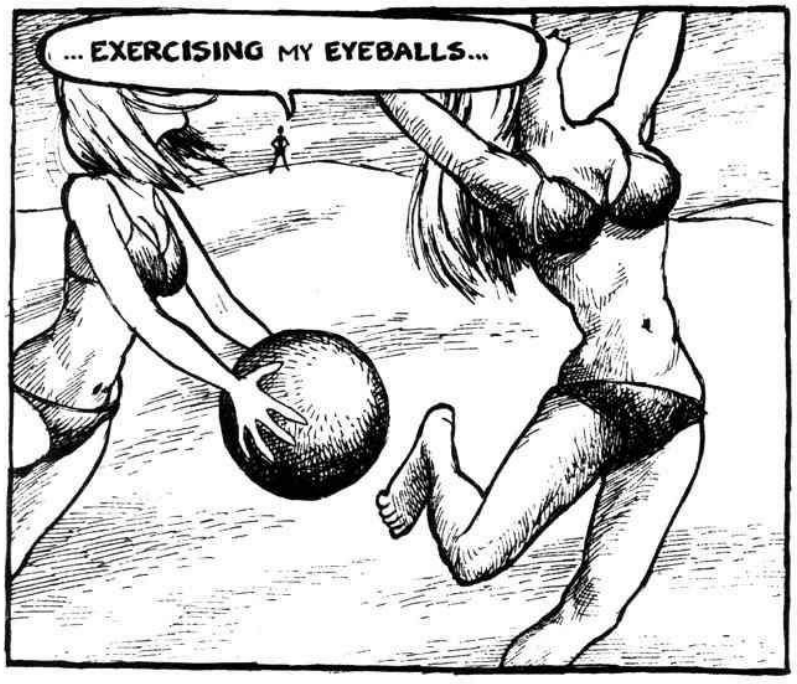
...YOU SEE, I HAVE **PERFECTED** THE **TECHNIQUE**— I NEED ABSOLUTELY NOTHING EXCEPT THE **CLOTHES** ON MY **BOD** AND MY NATURAL **COOL.** NOTHING ELSE AT **ALL.**

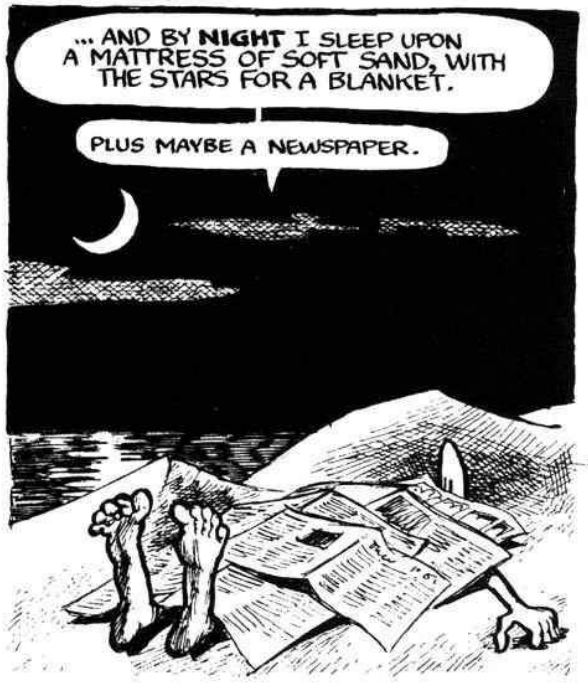
DURING THE **DAY** I SPEND MY TIME ON THE **BEACH**...

OR: HOW TO AVOID ECONOMIC SLAVES

DRAWN BY FAT PHILBERT AND HIS SEVEN SLAVES


...FURTHERING MY EDUCATION...

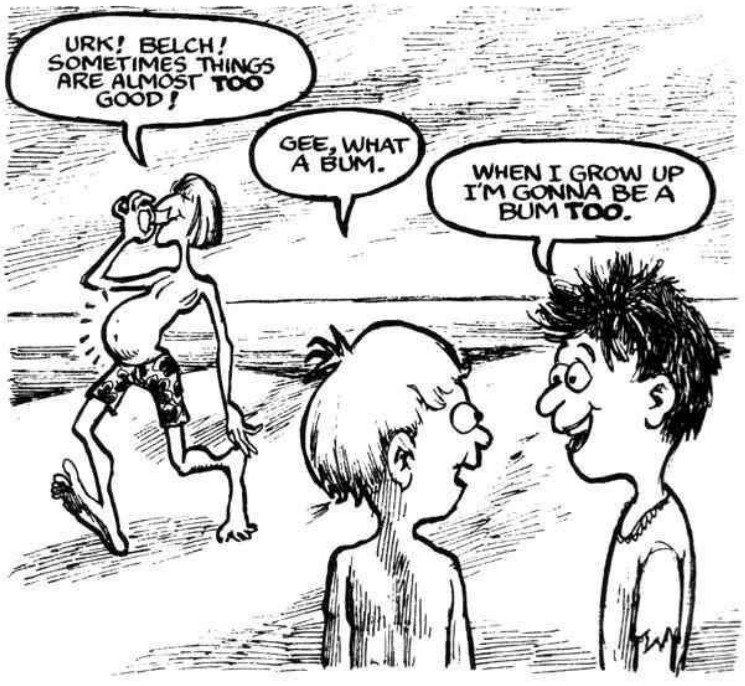

...EXERCISING MY EYEBALLS...


...AND BY NIGHT I SLEEP UPON A MATTRESS OF SOFT SAND, WITH THE STARS FOR A BLANKET.
PLUS MAYBE A NEWSPAPER.

...AND WHEN THE PANGS OF HUNGER GNAW, I CAN ALWAYS FIND A WAY TO GET A FREE MEAL.
WATCH THIS...
KANSAS
K10B

(SUCK) LADY, COULD YOU POSSIBLY GIVE ME 25¢ FOR A CHILI DOG?

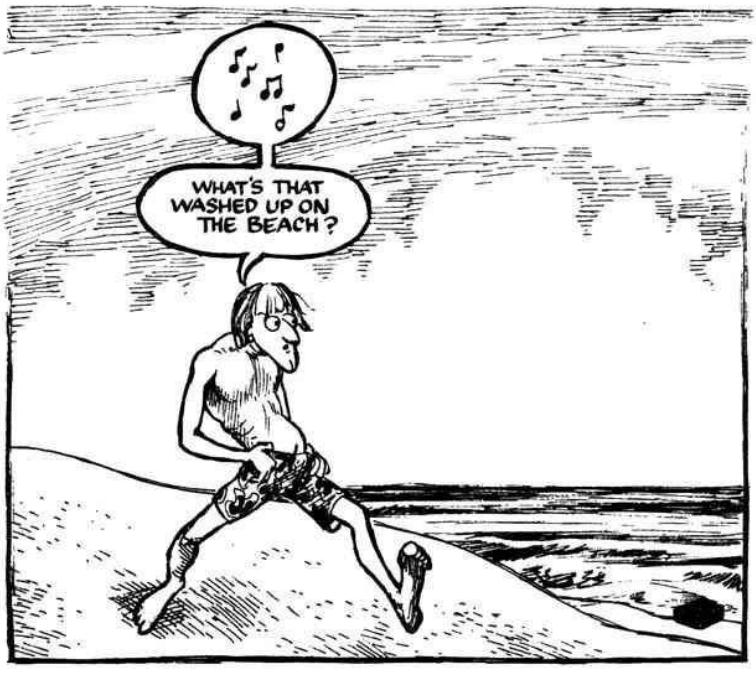
(WINK)
A CHILI DOG? WHY, YOU POOR CHILD, YOU MUST BE STARVING! COME, LET ME BUY YOU A REAL DINNER.
STEAKS


URK! BELCH! SOMETIMES THINGS ARE ALMOST TOO GOOD!
GEE, WHAT A BUM.
WHEN I GROW UP I'M GONNA BE A BUM TOO.

THE SECRET, MY LITTLE FRIENDS, IS TO SCORN MONEY!
...IF YOU EVER ACCUMULATE ANY MONEY, EVEN A FEW NICKELS, YOUR HAPPY, CAREFREE DAYS AS A BUM ARE NUMBERED!

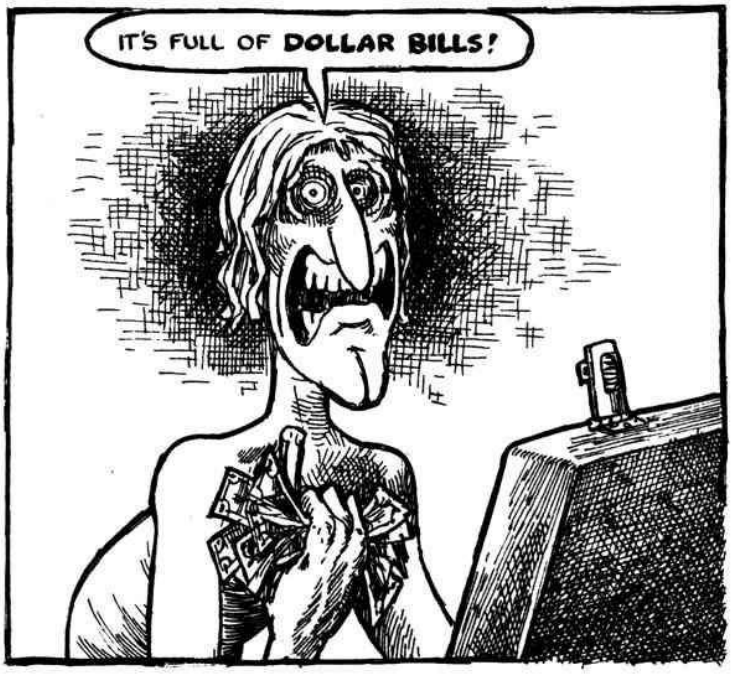
IF ANY BREAD SHOULD UNEXPECTEDLY COME YOUR WAY, GET RID OF IT...

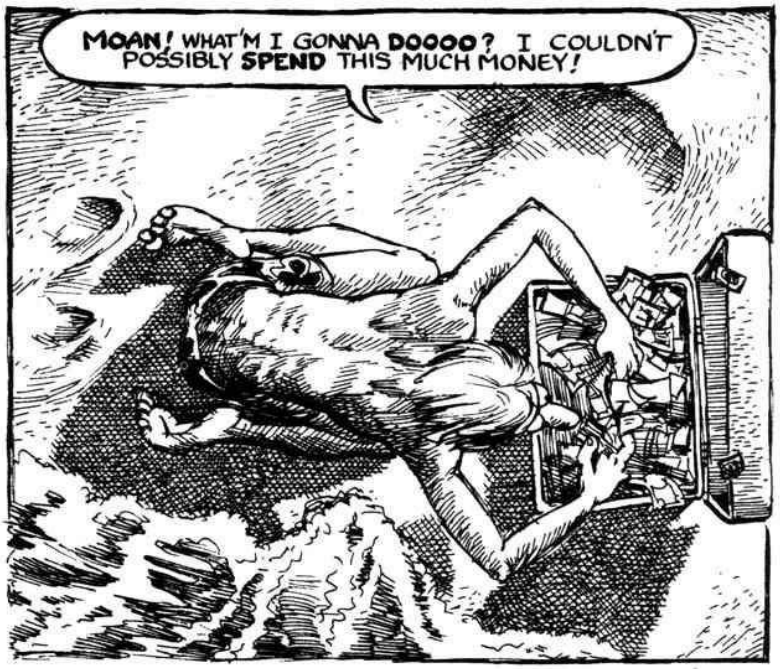
...BEFORE IT CAPTURES YOUR SOUL!

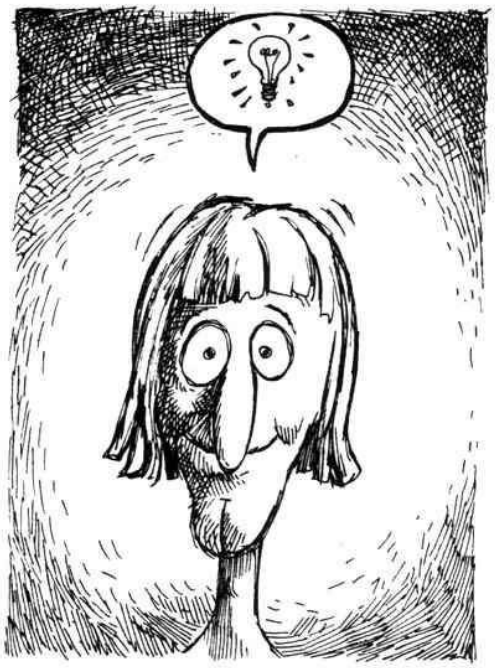

WHAT'S THAT WASHED UP ON THE BEACH?

IT'S SOME SORT OF SUITCASE!
HEH HEH! MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING INTERESTING INSIDE OF IT!

ARRGGGHHHHH!!

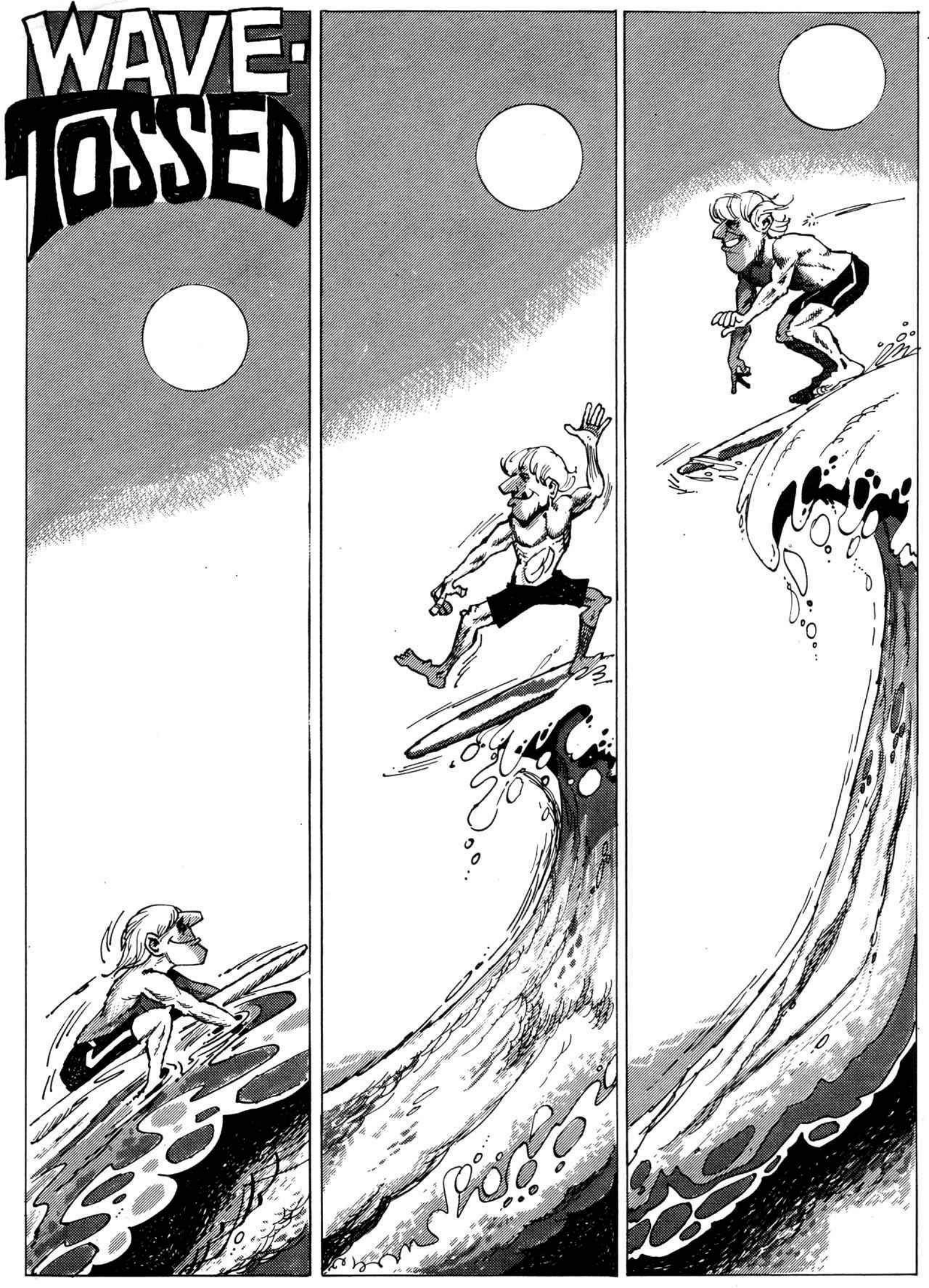

IT'S FULL OF DOLLAR BILLS!





THROUGH THE NIGHT OUR HERO LABORS...

AND THE NEXT DAY:


WAVE-TOSSED

...SURF'S UP!
LIFE GUARD
SPLASH!

HOLY HASHBURY! SLIP ON YOUR SANDALS AND PEDDLE YOUR BATHTUBS! HERE COME THE HIPPIES FOR THE FIRST ANNUAL

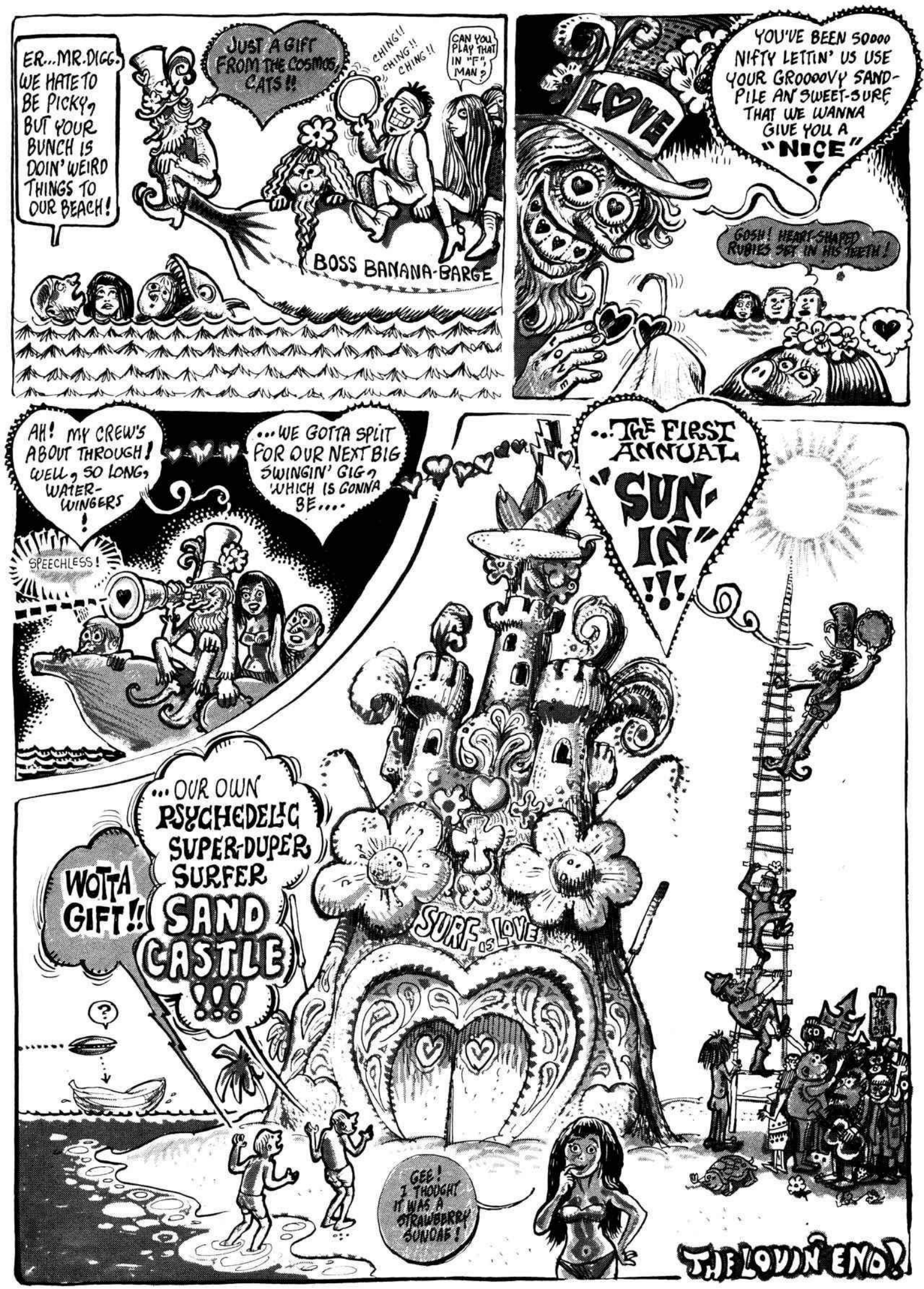
SURF-IN!!

WHAT'S THAT RUCKUS OVER YONDER?

SMOKIN' SKEGS! ..IT'S A WHOLE HORDE OF HAPPY HOOTIN' HIPPIES!!

ZOP CLANG DIG WOW WOW LOVE DIG WOW DIG LOVE DIG LOVE YEAH DIG ZAP DIG YEAH WOW PEACE ZEN WOW GEE ZING

WHAT BRINGS YOU TO OUR FAIR BEACH, MR. DIGG?
WE PICKED YOUR LUCKY DUNE FOR OUR GROO•••OOOVY NEW SURF-IN!!
THE COUNTRY THAT CONTROLS MAGNETISM CONTROLS THE UNIVERSE!
WE GONNA DIG THE BEACH AN' RIDE THE LOVELY WAVES ON OUR SUPER-HIPPIE SURF-MAT! "ROLL IT OUT, CHILDREN! ..YEAH!
...FLUP ...FLOOP
FORWARD! FAR OUT INTO THE BEAUTIFUL SEA, MY LOVIN' LITTLE 'OL BUDDIES!
PUF
PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF
PUFF
INFLATE HERE
S.S. CHIQUITA
DON'T GO TOO FAR OUT!
HE ALREADY IS!
LATER
THAT BIG SLOBBY BANANA-MAT HOGS-UP ALL THE SURFIN' SPACE!
THEY'RE A NICE BUNCH THOUGH--- MISS PIG-FACE GIMMIE THIS FLOWER!
POP ROCK
YIPES! CHECK OUT THE SHORE-LINE!!
WHEN BIG DADDY DIGG SAID THEY WERE GONNA DIG THE BEACH, HE WASN'T KIDDIN'!!
..OH NO!!
DIG DIG DIG DIG DIG DIG DIG DIG DIG
DIG DIG DIG DIG DIG
DIG dig DIG DIG dig
DIG
GIANT-MYSTO INCENSE
SAND
23


ER... MR. DIGG. WE HATE TO BE PICKY, BUT YOUR BUNCH IS DOIN' WEIRD THINGS TO OUR BEACH!
JUST A GIFT FROM THE COSMOS, CATS!!
CHING!! CHING!! CHING!!
CAN YOU PLAY THAT IN "F", MAN?
BOSS BANANA-BARGE
LOVE
YOU'VE BEEN SOOOO NIFTY LETTIN' US USE YOUR GROOOOVY SAND-PILE AN' SWEET-SURF, THAT WE WANNA GIVE YOU A "NICE"!
GOSH! HEART-SHAPED RUBIES SET IN HIS TEETH!
AH! MY CREW'S ABOUT THROUGH! WELL, SO LONG, WATER-WINGERS!
SPEECHLESS!
...WE GOTTA SPLIT FOR OUR NEXT BIG SWINGIN' GIG, WHICH IS GONNA BE....
...THE FIRST ANNUAL "SUN-IN"!!!
WOTTA GIFT!!
...OUR OWN PSYCHEDELIC SUPER-DUPER SURFER SAND CASTLE!!!
SURF IS LOVE
GEE! I THOUGHT IT WAS A STRAWBERRY SUNDAE!
THE LOVIN' END!

Here comes that lifeguard again to warn us that Hippies aren't ALLOWED on this beach!

I'll CLOBBER the Square — lovingly, of course!

The Surfin' Seen

. . . and DON'T come back until you've recovered those surfboards you so CARELESSLY dropped overboard!

SURFTOONIST / WRITER JIM TALMADGE RECENTLY RETURNED FROM A GROOVE OF A SURFARI TO ALL POINTS EVERYWHERE; BRINGING BACK A FRESH SET OF KNOTS, A SUNTAN BROWNIER THAN A MOO-COW'S EYES AND A MIND-FULL OF VARIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL DEDUCTIONS (ALL OF THEM TAXABLE). WE NAGGED HIM UNMERCIFULLY UNTIL HE SULLENLY AGREED TO TRANSLATE HIS PHILOSOPHICAL NOTIONS INTO THE ROMPING-FINE SKETCHES SEEN ON THESE HALLOWED PAGES. "*NATURALLY,*" SAYS TALMADGE, "*I DONT REALLY BELIEVE ANY OF THESE SITUATIONS EVEN IF I DID SEE THEM IN ACTION. LIFE IS A SAND DUNE COMPOSED OF BILLIONS OF ILLUSIONS, Y'KNOW.*"

You're "IN" When:

...SURF'S UP ON A RESTRICTED BEACH AND THE LIFE GUARD IS YOUR BROTHER!

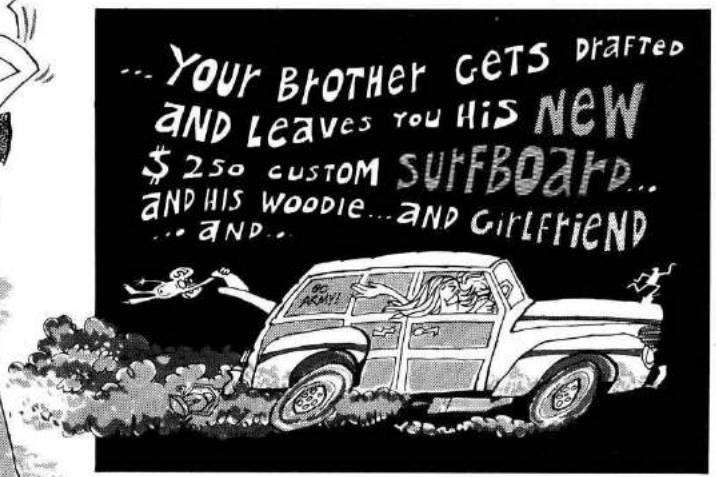
...THE RED TIDE ROLLS IN AND YOU JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE AN EXTRA GAS MASK!

...YOU RESCUE A CUTE SWIMMER AND FIND SHE IS THE GIRL YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO DATE FOR SIX MONTHS

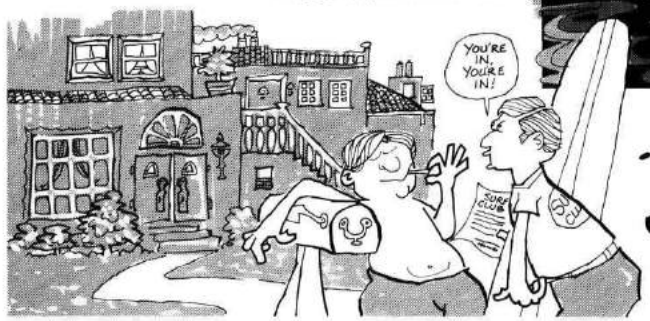
...THE VICE PRINCIPAL TELLS YOU TO GET A HAIRCUT, BUT YOUR OLD MAN IS THE PRINCIPAL!

...YOU PUT ON TOO MUCH WEIGHT AND PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE J.J. MOON!

...YOU STEP ON SOMETHING SHARP AN' IT TURNS OUT TO BE A KEY TO THE PLAYBOY CLUB!



...YOUR BROTHER GETS DRAFTED AND LEAVES YOU HIS NEW $250 CUSTOM SURFBOARD... AND HIS WOODIE... AND GIRLFRIEND ... AND...



...YOU'RE TRYING TO JOIN A SURF CLUB AND YOUR UNCLE OWNS A 26-ROOM BEACH PAD!

...YOU CATCH A PERFECT WAVE WHILE BRUCE BROWN HAS HIS CAMERA!

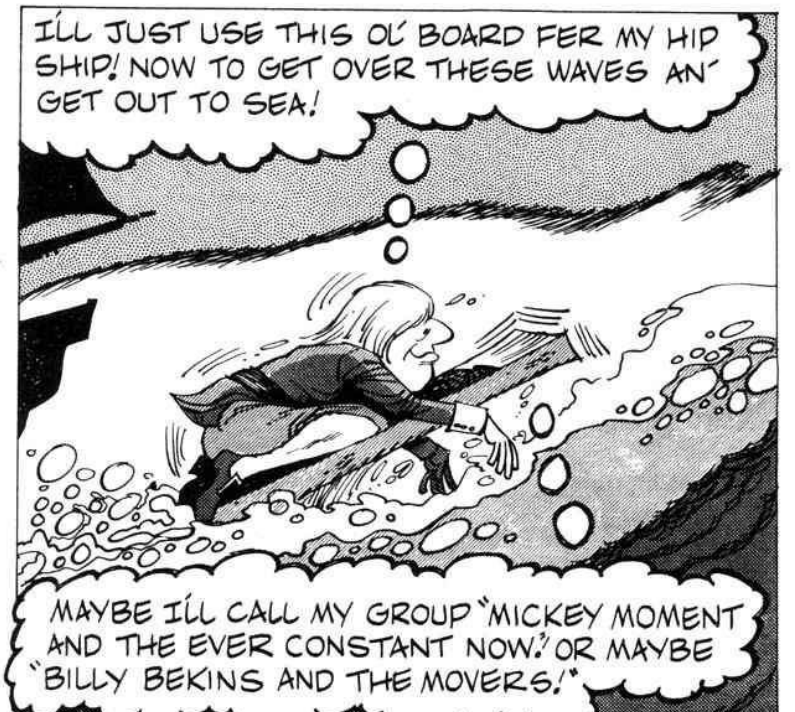
Always on Sunday*

AHRIGHT GATHERED BRETHREN! WE'VE REACHED THE NEW LAND, AS YOU KNOW IT WILL BE **HARD** WORK, **NO** PLAY, AND **SUNDAY SCHOOL!**

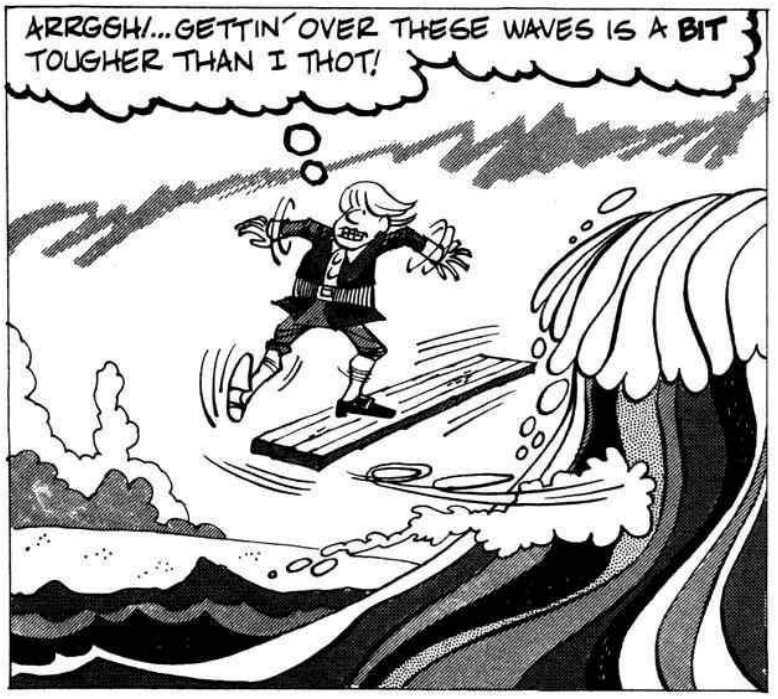
SUNDAY SCHOOL?...I MUSTA GOT THE WRONG SHIP FER THIS TRIP! I THOT THESE CATS WERE COOL, GONNA START A "**NEW**" TRIBE! BUT **THIS** IS TOO MUCH, I'M **UP-TIGHT!**

Mersey West

*OR, Why Surfing got Started 190 years Late!



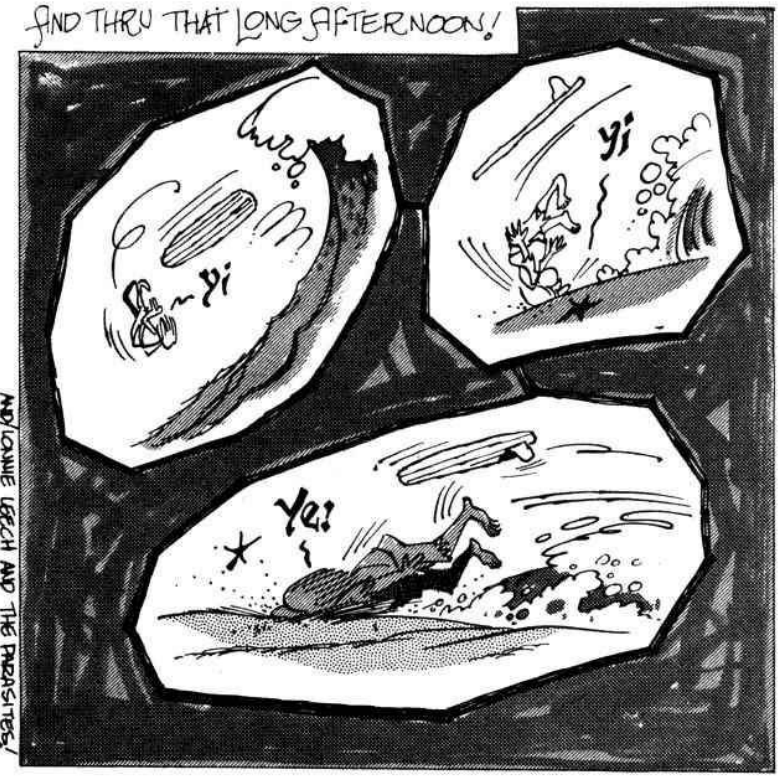
EDITOR'S NOTE: NEED A NAME FOR YOUR ROCK GROUP? DIG THE MARGINS IN THIS STORY!


ARRGGH!...GETTIN' OVER THESE WAVES IS A BIT TOUGHER THAN I THOT!

HEY JER., THAT'S THE 3RD TIME THAT DINGY KID WITH THE PRINCE VALIANT HAIRCUT FROM THE SHIP HAS DONE THE "CRASH LAND" BIT ON THE BEACH!
GOOD! MAYBE HE'LL DISCOURGE THE REST FROM COMIN' ASHORE, AFTER ALL, THIS IS AN ALL RED NEIGHBOOR-HOOD!
bonk!

1 HOUR LATER!
EVERYTIME I BUMP THE BEACH THIS BOARD GETS MORE BANGED UP!... SILLY THING LOOKS LIKE A SPOON! SAY, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO MANEUVER BETTER WITH A RUDDER! I'LL ADD ONE!
HOOSE CUBE/DYDOU HAWK AND THE MINORITY DOWERS!

MAN, THE KID IS DOIN' THE SURF THING! I THOT WE WAS THE ONLY ONES THAT DUG IT!
*@@#★!
APPARENTLY NOT, DIG, HE'S DOIN' A QUASIMOTO!
HE'S NO GERONIMO LINDEN, BUT HE'S NOT BAD! WONDER WHY HE STANDS BACKWARDS!


AND THRU THAT LONG AFTERNOON!
yi
yi
Ye!
NED/LONNIE LEECH AND THE PARASITES!

THAT DOES IT! I'M A STAYIN'!... I CAN'T GET OUT PAST THOSE BLASTED WAVES! I'LL STAY HERE, MAYBE I CAN SWING A GROUP WITH SOME OF THE LOCAL TALENT!
Throb!
throb!
HENRY HAN AND THE HAN-KNOTS!

HEY! PEOPLE TYPES! WHO ARE YOU CATS?
WE LIVE HERE, IT'S NICE! NO TRAFFIC PROBS!
WELL, YOU'RE MY KINDA FOLKS! BEADS, HEADBANDS... THIS IS A GROOVE!
NEXT THING HE'LL WANT TO JOIN' THE TRIBE!
YOU GOT A TRIBE? CRAZY!
WOW! YOU CATS GOT DRUMS! WHATTA SET UP! YOU BOYS ARE HIP!
WHAT'S HIP?!
THIS BONE RIGHT HERE!
BUT ONE DAY, NOT LONG AFTER
GREETINGS BROTHERS!... PEACE BE UNTO YE! LET US SHOW YOU A NEW LIFE, A NEW WAY!
SOUNDS WILD MAN, WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING PLANNED THIS AFTERNOON!
DIGGER'S HOME
BUFFY ST. MARIE FAN
YIPE! THE □'S FROM THE SHIP... THEY'LL RAP MY GIG!
BROTHER PUNCH AND THE BRASS KNUCKLE BAND!
COME ALONG WITH US! WE'RE GOIN' TO SUNDAY SCHOOL, YOU'LL ENJOY IT... FREE PUNCH, SONGS
SOUNDS GREAT!
LET'S ✔ IT OUT!
MAYBE WE CAN TALK 'EM INTO A PARTY LATER!
NO, NO, NO! THESE CATS ARE OUT OF IT!... THEY'RE SQUARES! GOODY TWO-SHOES! DON'T GO!
DOCTOR BARNES AND THE CUT-UPS!
And
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES... BRINGING IN TH
UH, NOT BAD, MUSIC IS KEEN!
RIGHT, BUT NOW WE OWE THEM SUMTHIN'!
WE'LL HIP 'EM TO THE CORN PLANTING THING, BUT KEEP THE SURF BIT TO OURSELVES!
MAYBE I COULD START A GROUP YET... I'LL CALL IT BILLY CHURCH AN' THE COLLECTIONS!
HYMNS
HYMNS
HYMNS
CLYDE DALE AND HIS HORSES!
THE END

CRASH DIET!

LET'S FACE IT, "FLABBO", YOU'RE JUST TOO MUCH OF A **BULKER** TO RIDE "TOES-ON-THE-NOSE!!"

NAUGHTY WORD!

BLOOP

THEM LITTLE SEA-SPIDERS IS RIGHT! I'M JUST TOO HEAVY FOR THE "**HANG-TEN**" JAZZ!

!?!

HEY, KID! LEMMIE SEE THAT MAG!

BEETLE HAIRCUT

EMERGENCY CALORIE JUICE

☆ 100% LARD ☆

CAVITY SPECIAL

FAT BOB

CARS CARS... CARS... CARS...

HOT ROD

SMOKIN' SEA-SLUGS! HERE'S THE ANSWER TO MY **WEIGHT PROBLEM!!**

SNARL! SPUTTER! FUME!

HOT ROD MAGAZINE

CANDY

☆ BORN TO BULGE ☆

SHEET GOO

GUM DROP HUNK

NEXT TIME I'LL USE A LOW-SUDSING DETERGENT!

??!!

..HE DRILLED HIS FRAME!

DORRIER

WHO'S a lifeguard? I'M just a DO-GOODER, man!
That's Adult Gratitude for you, Luv!
Don't (Koff! Koff!) TELL anybody about this. I make surfboards.
The Surfin' Seen
Certainly it's a REAL plank off a REAL fence. I spend all MY coins on GIRLS, see?
S-10-68

Tales of FRED

BY TERRY GILLIAM

WHO IS THIS FRED WHO APPEARS TO BE JUST ANOTHER OLD BEACH BUM HANGING AROUND THE BEACH? WHAT IS HE UP TO? WHY IS HE THERE? WHO CARES?

CAPSULE HISTORY

FRED THE BEACHBUM WHO IS - IN REALITY - FRED THE BEACHBUM, FIRST BECAME AWARE THAT THIS COUNTRY WAS IN DANGER WHEN HE WAS 40.

HE DISCOVERED HE WAS GETTING WEAKER, FATTER, THAT HE WAS LOSING HIS HAIR.

HE NOTICED HIS FRIENDS WERE TOO.

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO PUT 2 AND 2 TOGETHER AND REALIZE IT WAS A FIENDISH PLOT TO OVERTHROW THE COUNTRY.

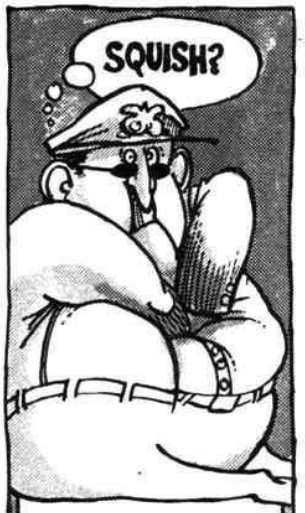
THERE WERE, QUITE CLEARLY, EVIL FORCES AT WORK REDUCING THE PRIDE OF THE NATION'S MANHOOD (FRED AND FRIENDS) TO OLD GRANNY FOLK.

IN ANOTHER 30 YEARS THEY WOULD BE CONFINED TO WHEELCHAIRS— PUSH-OVERS FOR WHENEVER THE FIENDS DECIDED TO INVADE.

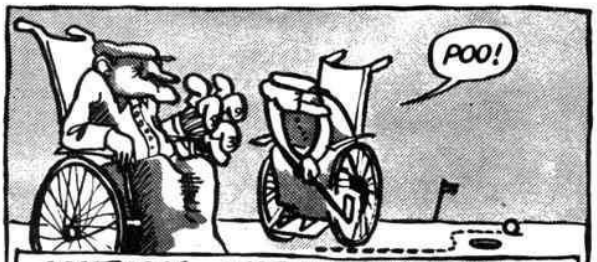
FRED KNEW IT WAS UP TO HIM.

HE QUIT HIS JOB AT THE U.S. POST OFFICE.

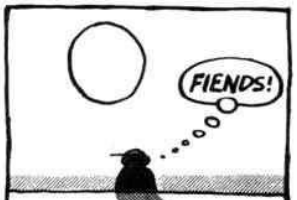
HOCKED HIS U.S. POSTAL EMPLOYEE'S UNIFORM AND MOVED TO THE OBVIOUS POINT OF INVASION — THE BEACH.



FRED DISCOVERS PLOT!



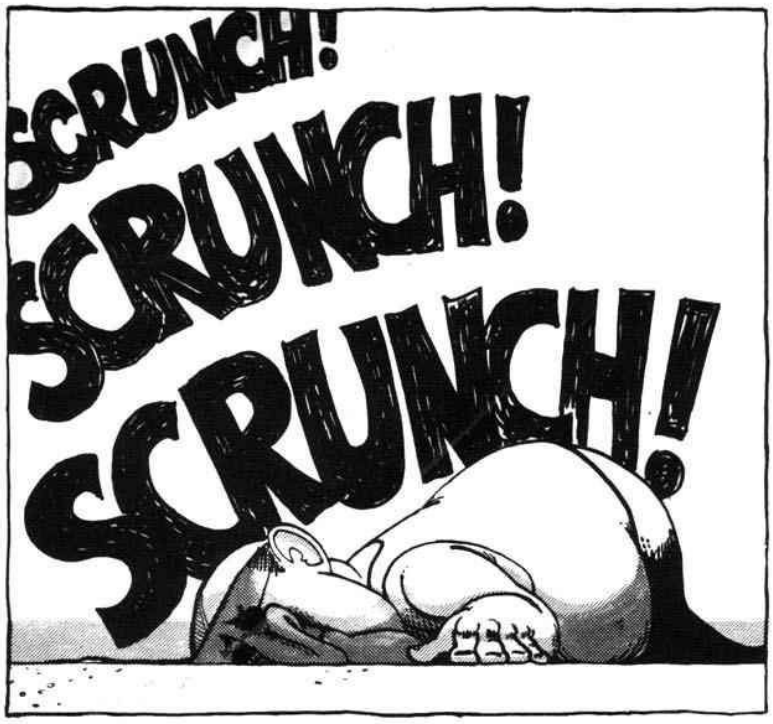
NATION WEAKENED!!!!!

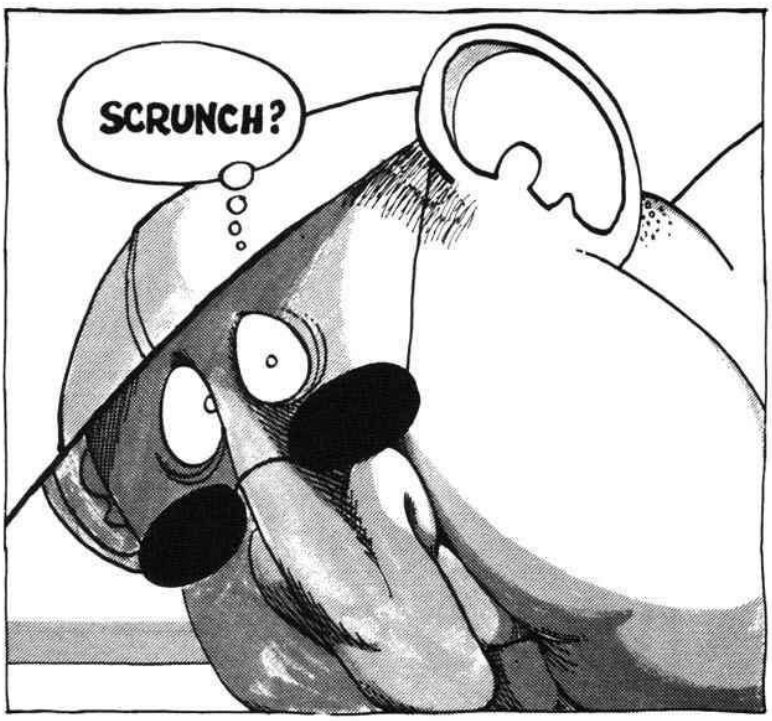


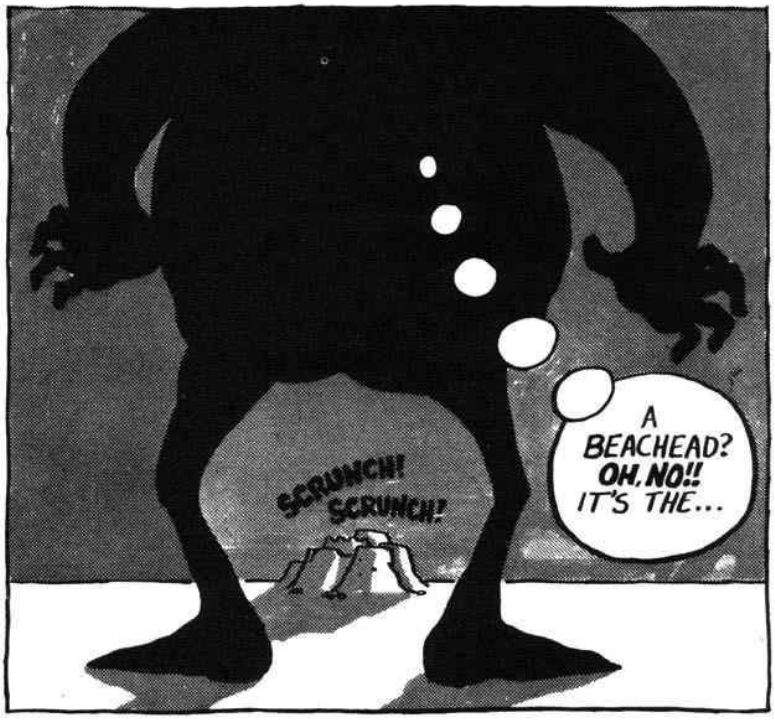
LONELY SENTINEL.

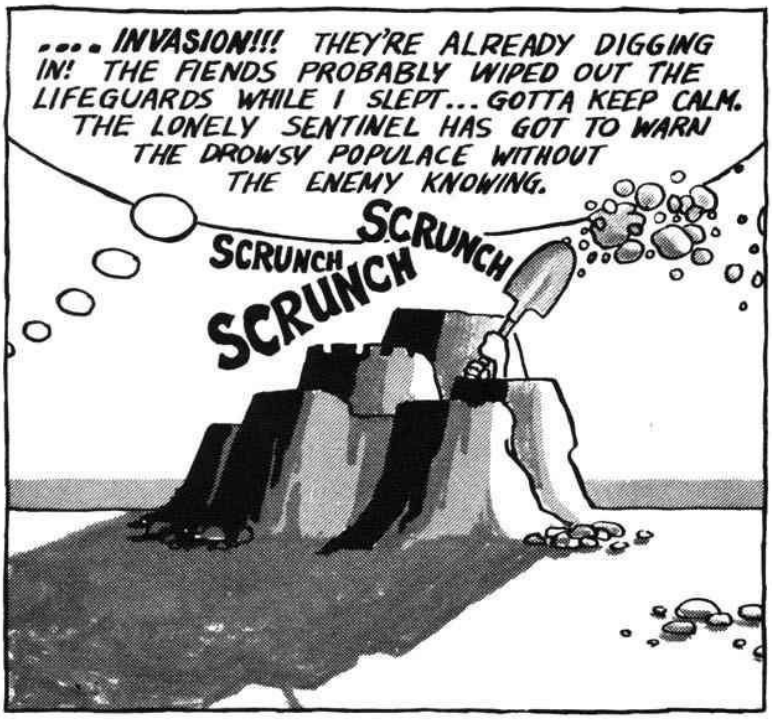
THERE HE SITS TODAY — A LONELY SENTINEL.....

AND NOW— FOR TODAY'S ADVENTURE.


SCRUNCH!
SCRUNCH!
SCRUNCH!

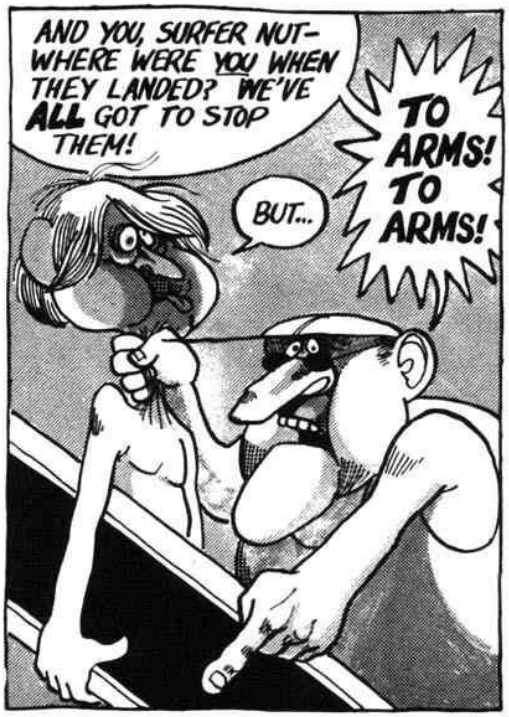

SCRUNCH?


SCRUNCH!
SCRUNCH!
A BEACHEAD? OH, NO!! IT'S THE...

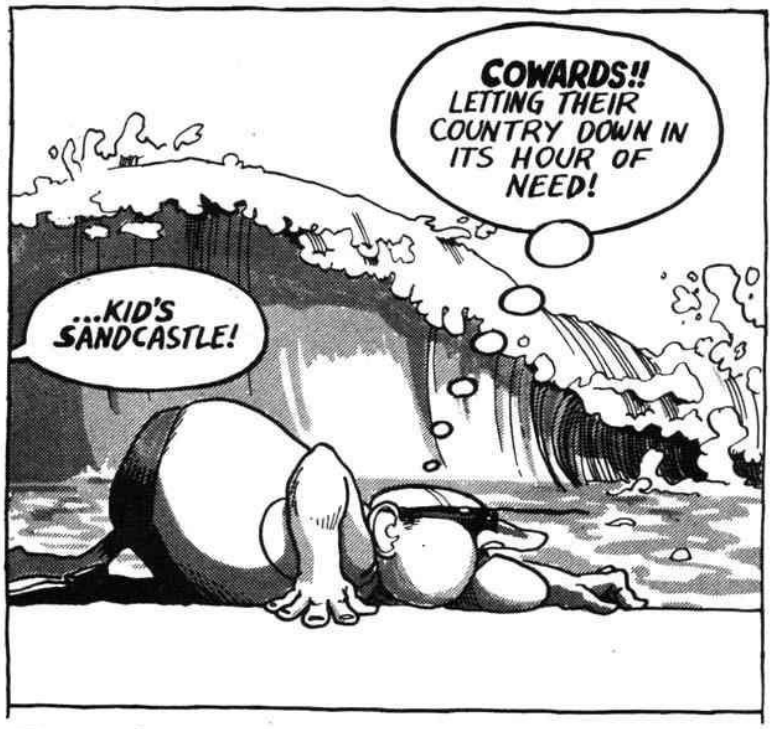

.... INVASION!!! THEY'RE ALREADY DIGGING IN! THE FIENDS PROBABLY WIPED OUT THE LIFEGUARDS WHILE I SLEPT... GOTTA KEEP CALM. THE LONELY SENTINEL HAS GOT TO WARN THE DROWSY POPULACE WITHOUT THE ENEMY KNOWING.
SCRUNCH
SCRUNCH
SCRUNCH

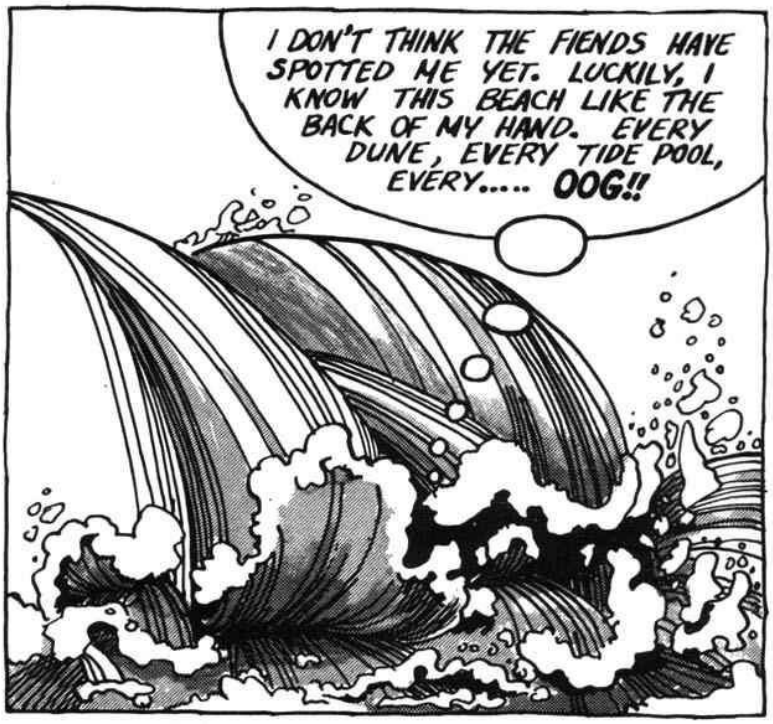
ALERT!! FIENDS! FIENDS! THEY'VE LANDED!! ALERT! HELP!!
SCRUNCH SCRUNCH SCRUNCH
LOOKS LIKE A LONELY SENTINEL ALERTING A DROWSY POPULACE, DON'T IT?
SURE DO.

QUICK! GET A GUN! GET A CLUB! A SPEAR! A ROCK! ANYTHING!
A HOT DOG EVEN?
YES, A HOT DOG!
WITH OR WITHOUT MUSTARD?

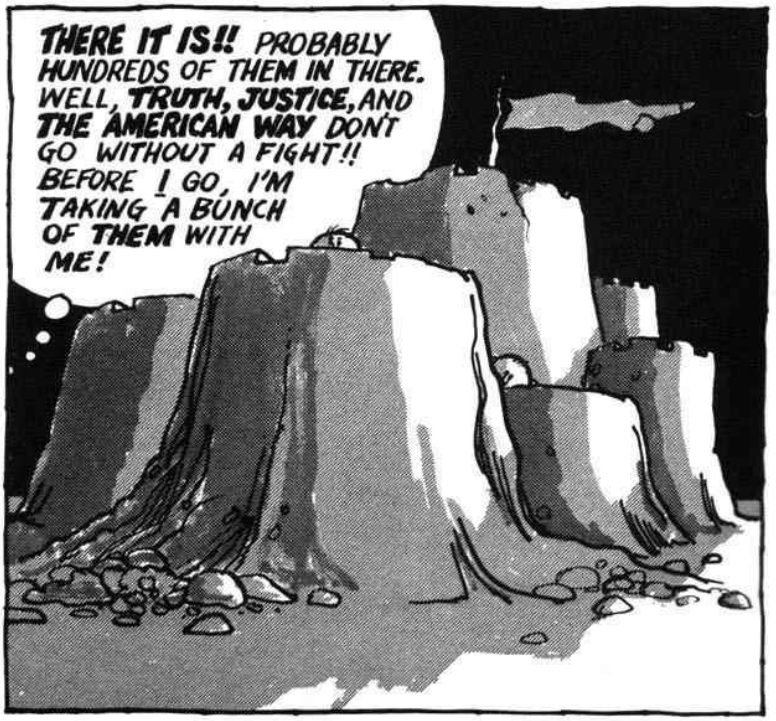

AND YOU, SURFER NUT- WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THEY LANDED? WE'VE ALL GOT TO STOP THEM!
BUT...
TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

I'M GOING OUT THERE! CALL THE ARMY! GET HOLD OF LYNDON! TELL HIM FRED NEEDS HIM. THIS IS WAR!!
BUT... BUT, THAT'S JUST A...

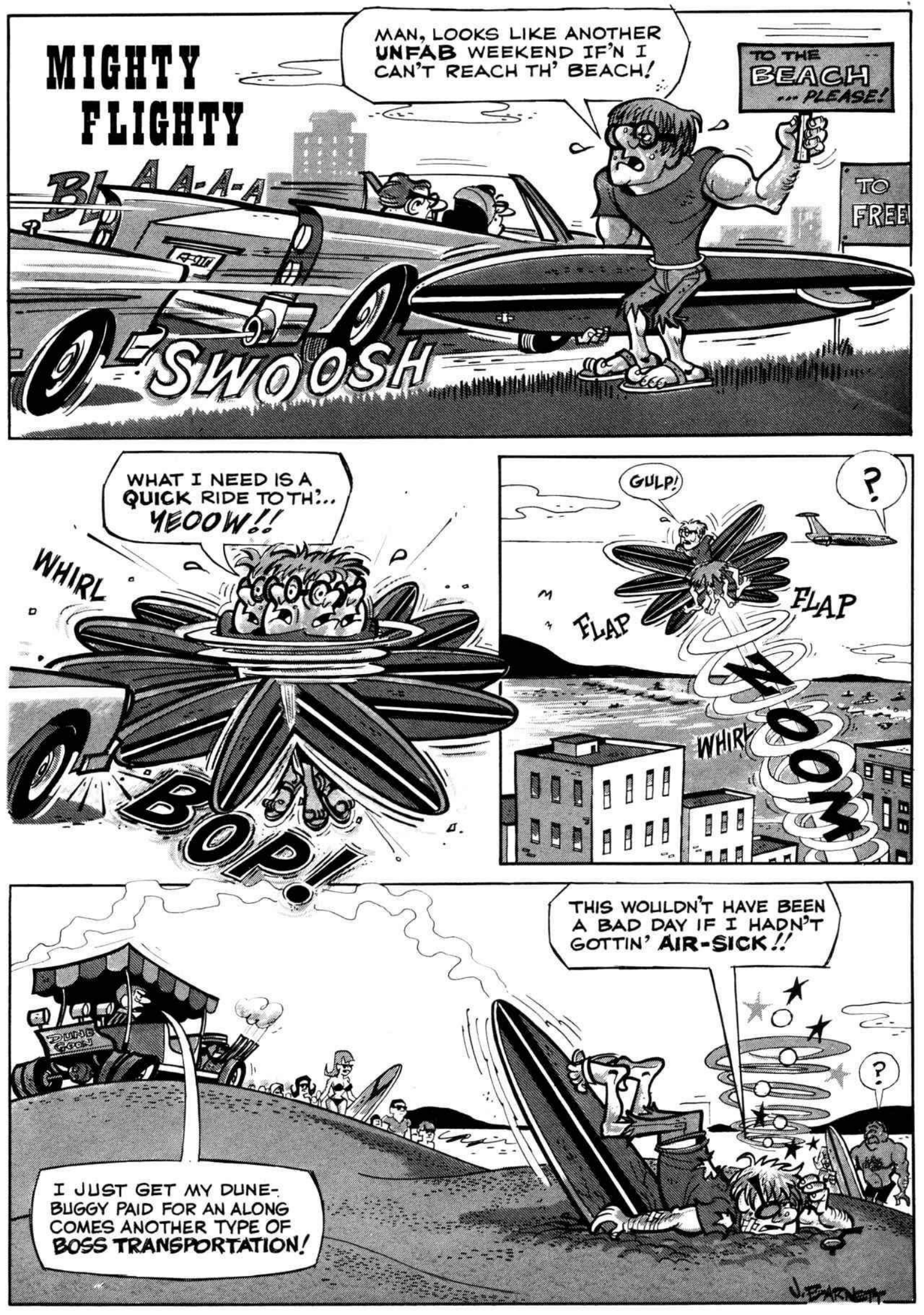

COWARDS!! LETTING THEIR COUNTRY DOWN IN ITS HOUR OF NEED!
...KID'S SANDCASTLE!


I DON'T THINK THE FIENDS HAVE SPOTTED ME YET. LUCKILY, I KNOW THIS BEACH LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND. EVERY DUNE, EVERY TIDE POOL, EVERY..... OOG!!

BLASTED TEXACO MAPS!!
...PROBABLY IN LEAGUE WITH THESE FIENDS. TRYING TO STOP OL' FRED. BUT, IT'S NOT THAT EASY TO STOP THE DETERMINED RESISTANCE FIGHTER INTENT ON HIS MISSION TO WIPE OUT THE EVIL INVADERS. NO, SIR-NEDDY BUMPO!

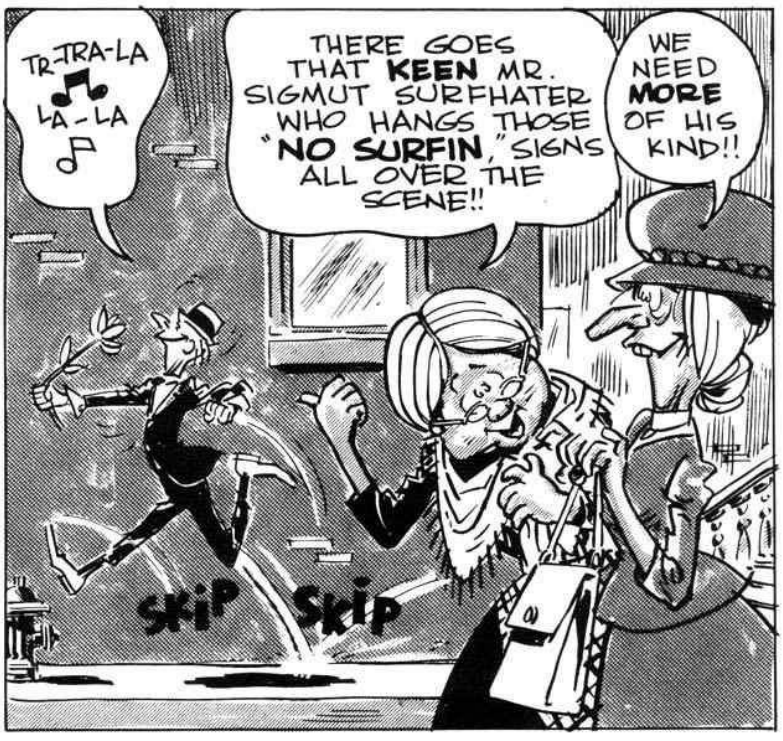

THERE IT IS!! PROBABLY HUNDREDS OF THEM IN THERE. WELL, TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE AMERICAN WAY DON'T GO WITHOUT A FIGHT!! BEFORE I GO, I'M TAKING A BUNCH OF THEM WITH ME!

GERONIMO!
SPRING!
TAKE THIS, YOU YELLOW-BELLIED FIENDS! (POW!)
... AND THAT! (UMPH!)
... THIS ONE'S FOR MOTHER!! (BLAP!)
YI!
... AND ...WHA...? KIDS!!
WHAAA!
ULP!
BIFF!
POW!
SMECK!
UNGHH!
OOG... SENDING KIDS TO DO A MAN'S JOB!! WHAT WILL THOSE FIENDS TRY NEXT?
JUST SOME OLD CREEP...
END

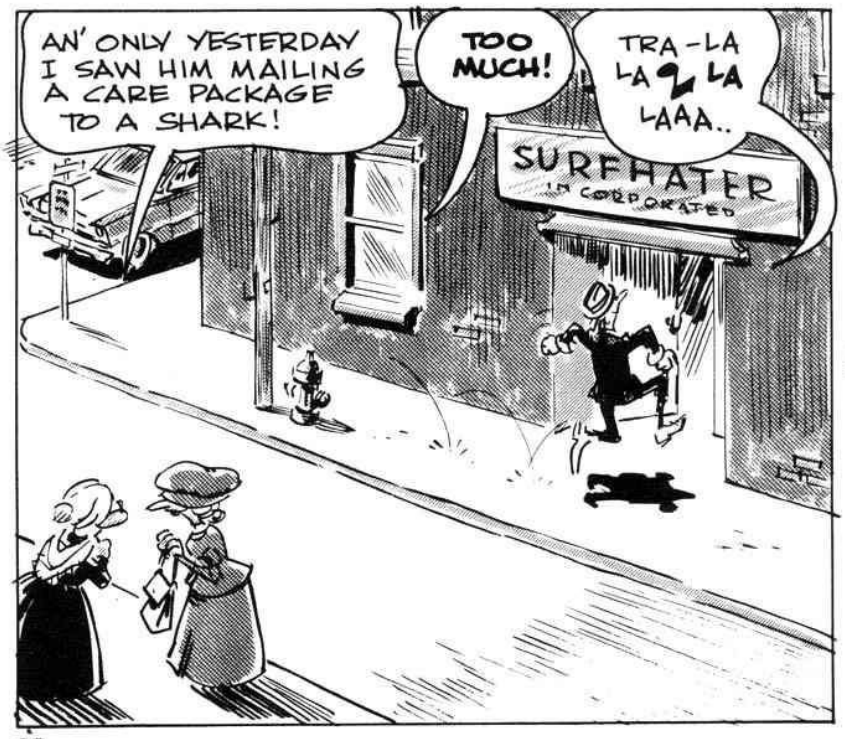

MIGHTY FLIGHTY
MAN, LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER UNFAB WEEKEND IF'N I CAN'T REACH TH' BEACH!
TO THE BEACH ... PLEASE!
TO FREE
BL AA-A-A
SWOOSH
WHAT I NEED IS A QUICK RIDE TO TH'... YEOOW!!
WHIRL
BOP!
GULP!
?
FLAP
FLAP
WHIRL
NOOM
THIS WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN A BAD DAY IF I HADN'T GOTTIN' AIR-SICK!!
?
I JUST GET MY DUNE-BUGGY PAID FOR AN ALONG COMES ANOTHER TYPE OF BOSS TRANSPORTATION!
J. BARNETT

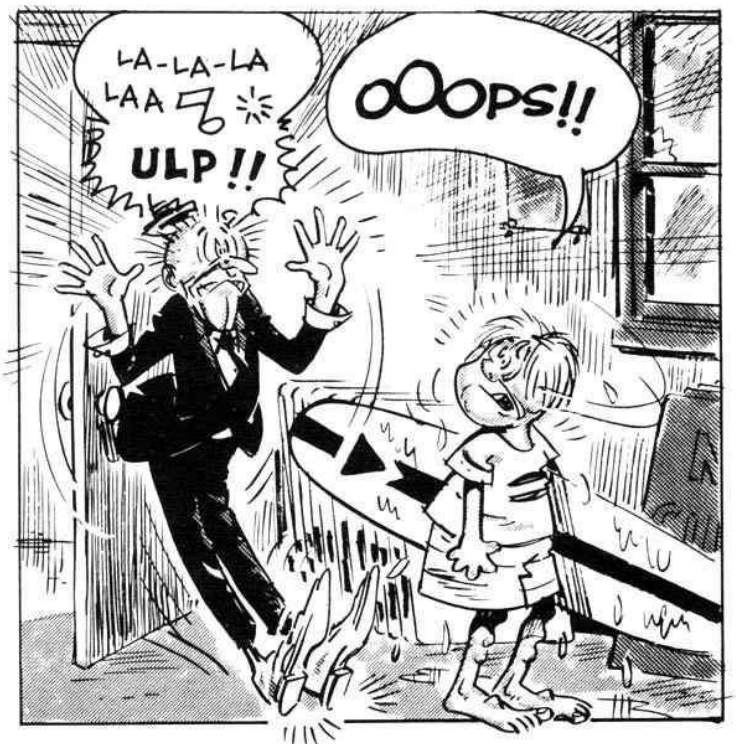
SIGNED OFF

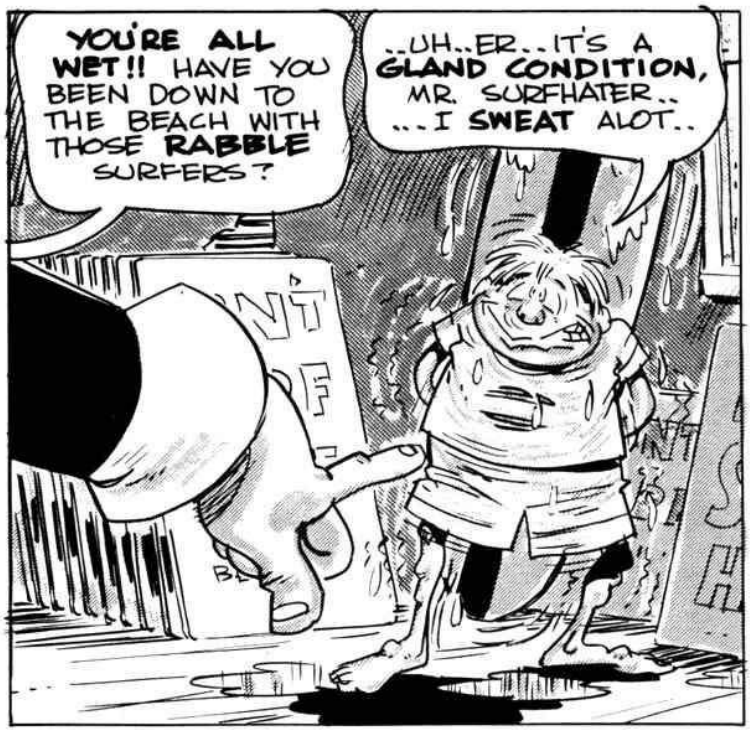
KEEP OUT
NO SURFING AFTER 11 A.M.
SURFING NOT
BETWEEN 9 A.M.-9
NO


TR-TRA-LA LA-LA
THERE GOES THAT KEEN MR. SIGMUT SURFHATER WHO HANGS THOSE "NO SURFIN," SIGNS ALL OVER THE SCENE!!
WE NEED MORE OF HIS KIND!!
SKIP
SKIP

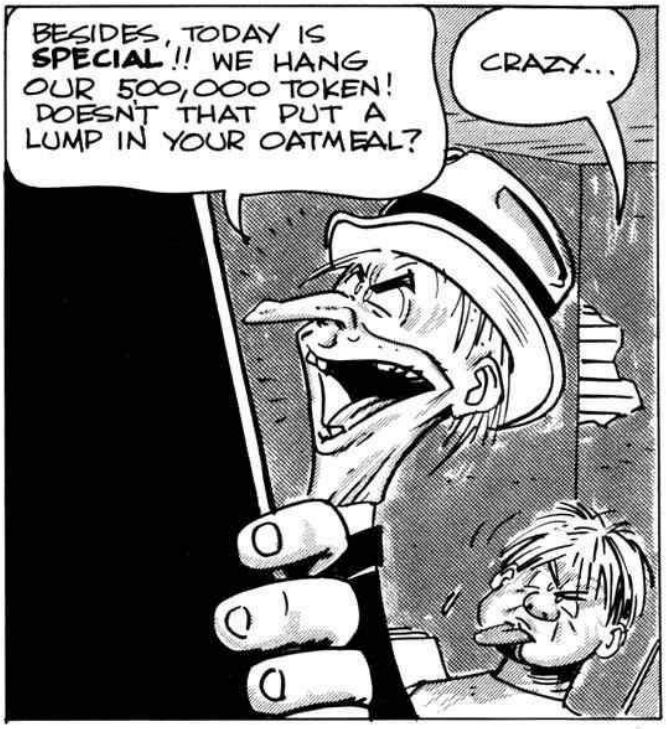
...IN HIS SPARE TIME HE GOES, TO TH' BEACH AN' PLANTS KELP BEDS!
AINT THET SWEET!
LA-DE DAH DOO...
SKIPPY
SKIP


AN' ONLY YESTERDAY I SAW HIM MAILING A CARE PACKAGE TO A SHARK!
TOO MUCH!
TRA-LA LA LA LAAA..
SURFHATER INCORPORATED


LA-LA-LA LAA
ULP!!
OOOPS!!


YOU'RE ALL WET!! HAVE YOU BEEN DOWN TO THE BEACH WITH THOSE RABBLE SURFERS?
..UH..ER..IT'S A GLAND CONDITION, MR. SURFHATER.. ...I SWEAT ALOT..

THAT'S GOOD! I WOULDN'T EMPLOY A SIGN HANGING ASSISTANT WHO WOULD STOOP TO SUCH FRIVOLITY!!
PHEEEWWW!!!
THIS BEACH NOT OPEN
NO


BESIDES, TODAY IS SPECIAL!! WE HANG OUR 500,000 TOKEN! DOESN'T THAT PUT A LUMP IN YOUR OATMEAL?
CRAZY...

BUT WHERE YA' GONNA HANG IT, MR. SURFHATER? THERE ISN'T ANY ROOM LEFT.
AH... LEAVE THE THINKING TO ME, WALTER... I HAVE A PLACE PICKED OUT!
NO

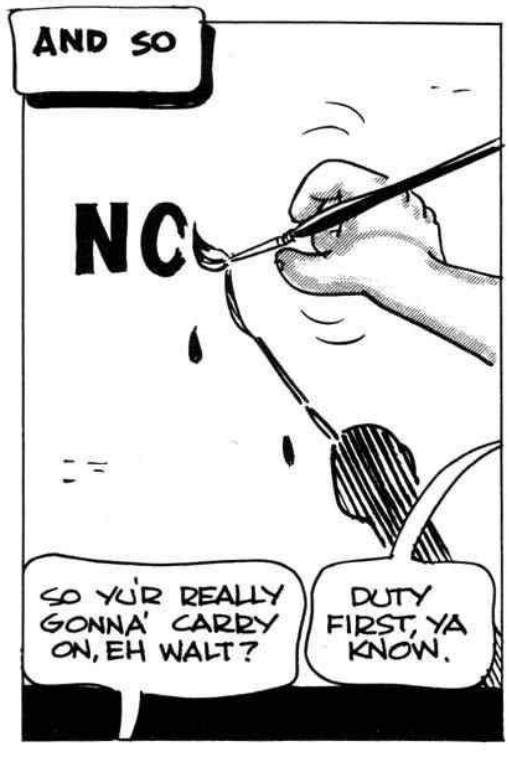
NOT RICKETY PIER!!
THE EXACT SPOT!! WE HAVEN'T HUNG ANYTHING HERE SINCE LAST THURSDAY!!
NO SURFING
NO!

THAT OL' PIER WONT HOLD ANYMORE WEIGHT!
SOMETIMES I FEEL YOU'RE NOT ON MY SIDE, WALTER!
NO SURFING
GROAN
CREEK
NO SURF ANY TIME
OFF!

CRASH

DOES IT HURT?
ONLY WHEN I THINK OF ALL THE SIGNS THAT STILL MUST BE HUNG!!

DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!!
GOOD BOY, WALTER! I KNEW I COULD DEPEND ON YOU!!!
WHHOOEE EEEE


AND SO
NO
SO YU'R REALLY GONNA' CARRY ON, EH WALT?
DUTY FIRST, YA KNOW.

NO
AFTER ALL, SOMEONE HAD TO TAKE OVER AFTER OL' SURFHATER WEN'T OUT TO LUNCH!

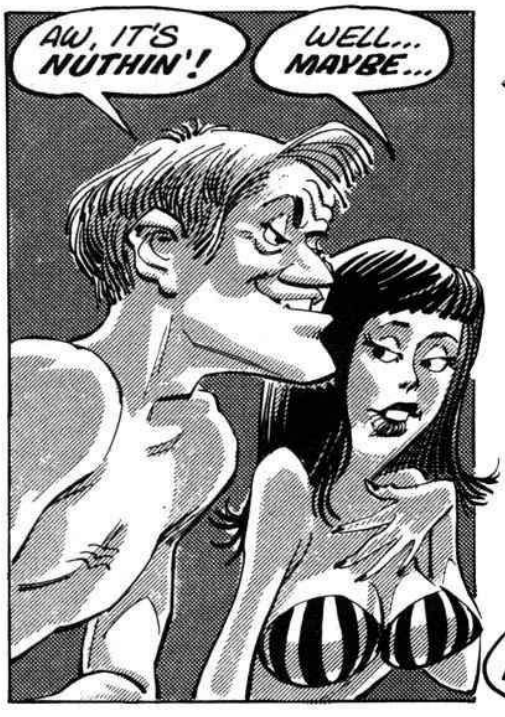
THAT'S LOYALTY, WALT!
YEP..

IF MR. SURFHATER WERE HERE HE'D BE PROUD OF YA!!
NO
SURFING ALLOWD HERE!
YEAH!
End

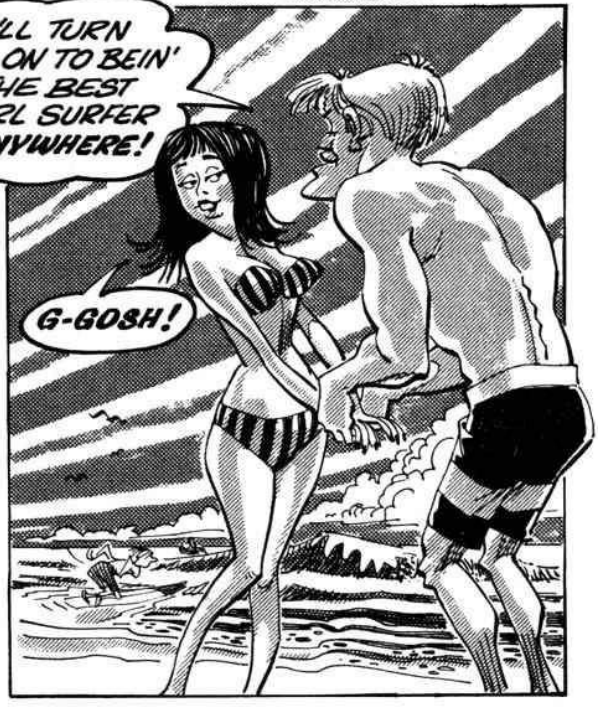
That's it . . . That's it . . . FINE! Now all ya gotta do is practice BITING people!
The Surfin' Seen
Come along home.
He wanted me to (Sob!) do something AWFUL — like shooting that (Sob!) PIER over there, Daddy!
Look, a date's a DATE, ain't it?

CLOSED OUT!

HI, THERE! WANNA LEARN SURFIN'?
(WOTTA DOLL! I'LL USE MY OLD LEARN-TO-SURF APPROACH...)
GEE.. I DUNNO.. IT LOOKS DIFFICULT!
GEFFENHAGEN


AW, IT'S NUTHIN'!
WELL... MAYBE...

I'LL SHOW YA ALL THE TRICKS!
Y-YOU WILL?


I'LL TURN YA ON TO BEIN' THE BEST GIRL SURFER ANYWHERE!
G-GOSH!

LEARNING TO BALANCE WAS EASY! CAN WE GO OUTSIDE AND PICK UP A WALL, NOW?
UH, YEH.. I GUESS SO. YOU SURE LEARN FAST. WOULDN'T YA LIKE TO TAKE A BREAK.. MAYBE SUNBATHE OR SOMETHIN?

LISTEN..WHY DON'T WE JES' PADDLE ASHORE AND...
HEY..WE'RE PICKIN' UP A WAVE...

WOWWWEEEEE! I'M SURFIN'!
WOT THE..?

GEE.. THIS IS EVEN MORE EXCITING THAN I DREAMED!
OOOF!

IS THIS TANDEM-SURFING?
NO..IT'S MORE LIKE A NIGHTMARE!

CAN YOU DO THIS?
I HOPE I NEVER HAFTA TRY!

KICK OUT! KICK OUT! YER HEADIN' FER THE PIER!

WHEEEEEEEEEE! I'M ACTUALLY SHOOTING A PIER!
OH, LORDY, I HOPE YA ARE, SWEETS!
?
GOSH! THAT WAS SUPER!
IT WAS SUMPIN' ELSE, ALL RIGHT!
WHAT ABOUT MY SURFIN' LESSONS, LOVER?
TAKE A CORRESPON-DENCE COURSE!
NEXT DAY...
HI, THERE! WANNA LEARN HOW TO SIT IN THE SHADE?
GEE.. I DUNNO.. IT LOOKS DIFFICULT!
HE'S GOTTA BE KIDDING!
WOTTA DOLL! I'LL USE THE OLD CHARM BIT, AND RENT HER AN UMBRELLA AT THE SAME TIME!
BEACH UMBRELLAS 50¢ ALL DAY
NEXT...?

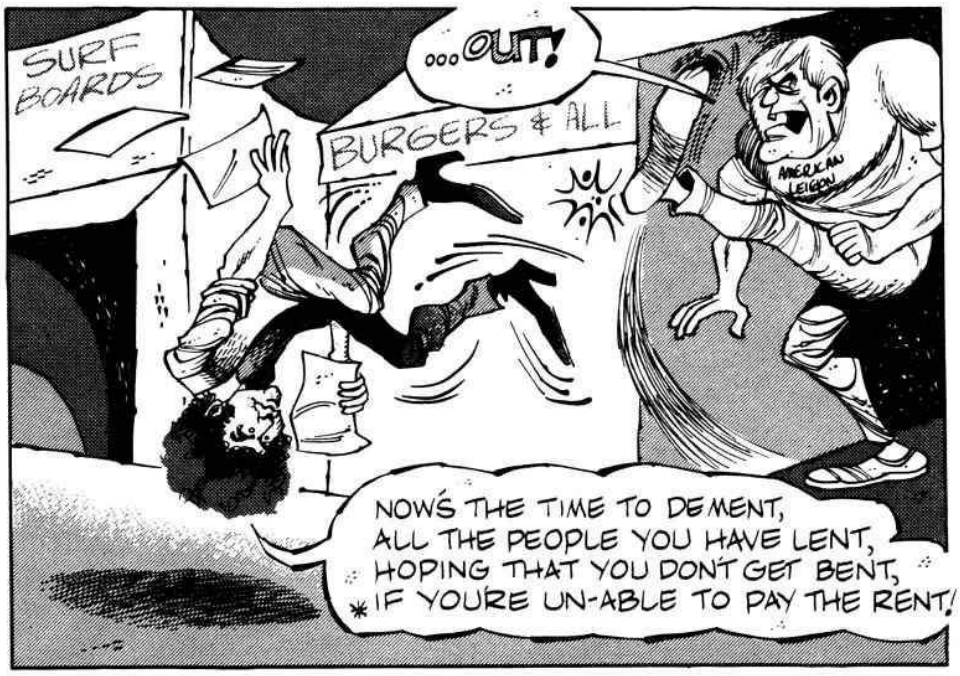
BOOMERANGER!!

IS ALL RIGHT I'M ONLY SUCCEEDING

WORDS & MUSIC BY [illegible] WHO IS HEREBY ABSOLVED OF ALL BLAME! (YEAH, BABY... COP-OUT CITY)

NOW THIS IS THE STORY OF A YOUNG (ANGRY) MAN NAMED ROBBIE DILLUP, WHO WASN'T REALLY MAKING IT... ANYWHERE!

HE WROTE POETRY HOWEVER, WHICH MOST PEOPLE DIDN'T REALLY UNDERSTAND... ESPECIALLY OLDER FOLKS!



* FROM: GEE, GOLLY MISS MARIE. COPYRIGHT HURT-MEAN MUSIC 1967.

BEING CLOSE TO THE SAND, ROB DECIDED TO GIVE SURFING A TRY, FOR HE KNEW THAT SOMEWHERE IN HIS FRAIL FRAME THERE WAS TALENT!

* FROM: "THE IN-GEAR ROB DILLUP" COPYRIGHT HAIRCUT MUSIC 1967

BUT APPARENTLY SURFING WASN'T HIS 'THING' EITHER, WHICH FURTHER EMBITTERED HIM!

* FROM: "TALKIN' WIPE OUT BLUES" ALIENATION MUSIC 1967. ©

ROBBIE COULDN'T MAKE IT WITH SURF-BUNNIES EITHER! HE FOUND ONE BEAUTIFUL GIRL, HE REALLY DUG, BUT SHE REJECTED HIS LOVE!

FLAKE-OFF, YA WEIRD THING!

SMACK!

LOVE IS PAIN, SO IT'S BEEN SAID!
BUT MAN, I GOTTA BE OUTTA MY HEAD!
'CAUSE YER FIST IS MADE OUTTA LEAD!
STICK AROUND YOU,... BE DEAD!*

*FROM: "RAINY DAY LADY 12¢33" COPYRIGHT ROUND HOUSE MUSIC. 1967 USED WITHOUT PERMISSION!

THEN ONE FATEFUL DAY, ROB STEPPED ON A RUSTY CAN!

EEEYOWW!*

HEY, THAT VOICE, THAT SOUND!

RECORD PROMOTOR

*FROM: "BRINGING IT ALL TO THE BACK DOOR." COPYRIGHT LOCKJAW MUSIC, 1967

BABY, HOWD YA LIKE TO BE A STAR, A MOD, HIPPIE, MYSTERIOUS, ELUSIVE SINGER-TYPE?!

THERE'S ALREADY A GUY! HIS NAME IS BOB, AH... DILL. AH!

NO, I MEAN A SURF VERSION OF THAT FELLOW!

I CAN WRITE POETRY!

YOU SWEET LAD!

I DIG THE WHO

AND SO, THE IMAGE WAS BORN, ROB DILLUP, THE SURF GENERATION SPOKESMAN!

WAVES BREAK UPON MY BRAIN, LEAVING ME BLINKING AN-IN SANE!

CHING CHING RING!

WAHHHHH!

CRYSTAL SUN INSIDE MY EYE... BURNING EARS THAT HEAR WAVES CRY... ALL THIS LEAVES ME WONDERING WHY!*

RWANG! TWANG!

ME, I'M JUST A ONE MAN BAND, WHO DOESN'T REALLY UNDERSTAND WHY PEOPLE WASTE TIME ON LAND, WHEN THERE'S SUN, SEA AND SAND!

WITH GUITAR, HARMONICA AND VOICE, DILLUP WAS ON HIS WAY!

*ALL SONGS FROM: "THE SURF IT IS A-CHANGING" COPYRIGHT SALTY MUSIC. 1967

AND SUCCESS WAS RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER!

HE'S SO NEAT!

THE VOICE OF OUR SIDE!

THE WORDS, THEY'RE IM-PORTANT!... LISTEN TO THEM!

I AM NOT FOLLOWING, AND I AM NOT LEADING, BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT MA, I'M ONLY SUCCEEDING!*

TRANG! WRANG!

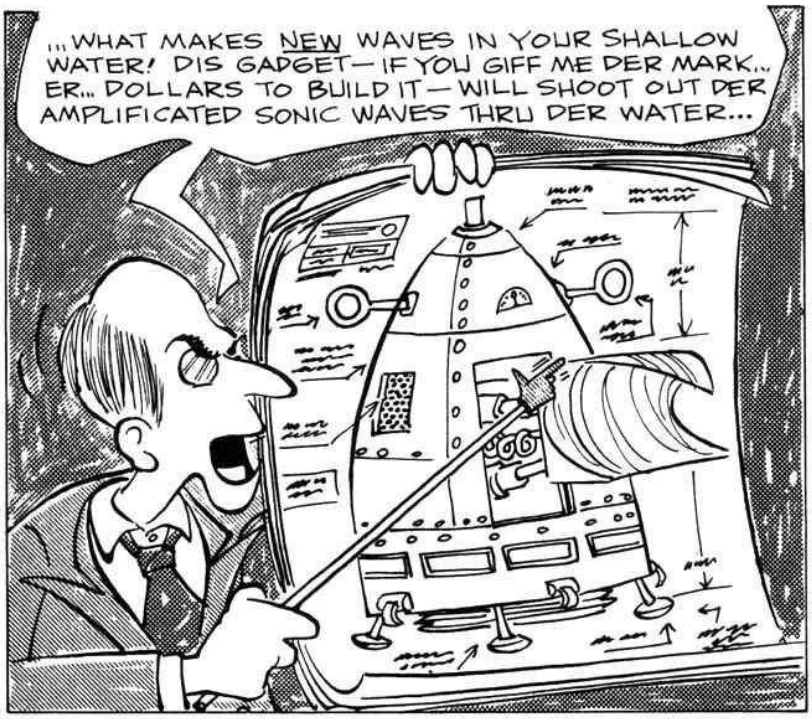
BEACH CONCERT TODAY! ROB DILLUP $2.00 A HEAD!

"LET'S ALL GET TOGETHER AND RESPECT SCIENCE!"

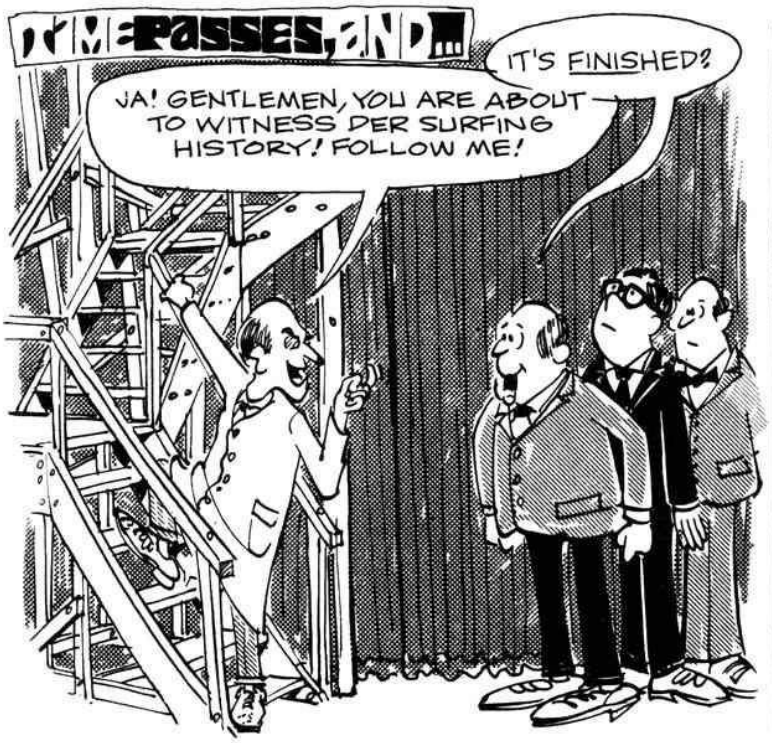
HE'S REALLY A POP/POET!

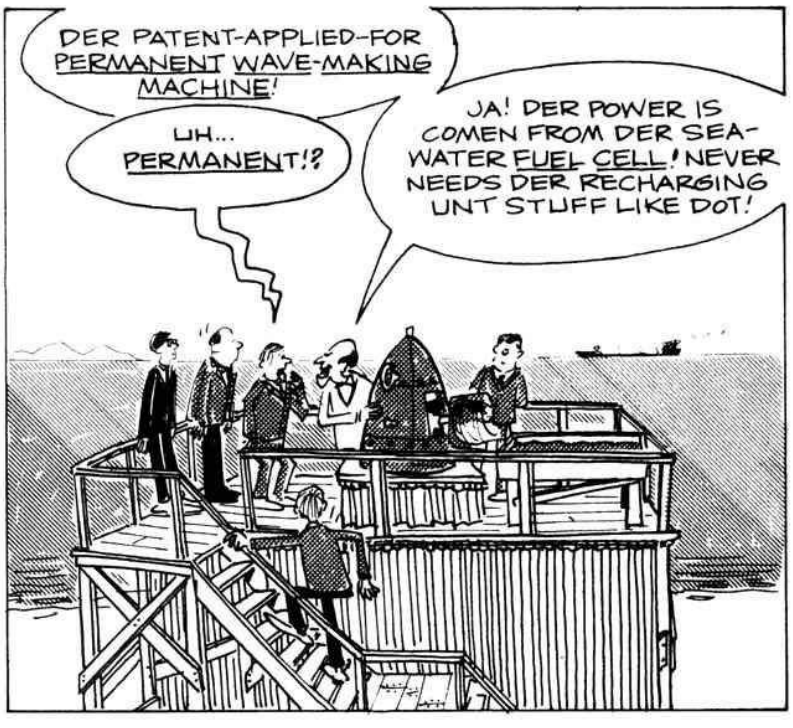
I REALLY DON'T UNDER-STAND WHAT HE'S TRYIN' TO SAY, BUT I DO UNDER-STAND THE SUCCESS PART!

*FROM: HIGHWAY 101, SOME OTHER TIME. COPYRIGHT CHARISMA MUSIC 1967.



ERIC: DOES THE 'AMERICAN DREAM' INCLUDE SURFERS?





YOU SAID PERMANENT HUH?

JA! PERPETUAL! NON-STOPPEN! NEVER-END—

YES... WELL, I THINK WE BETTER BE SURE IT'S GOING TO WORK EXACTLY RIGHT! COULD WE SEE...

...A DEMONSTRATION? JA, I THOT YOU MIGHT WANT DOT! SO I HAVE PREPARED A WATER-TESTING TANK! WATCH!

TEST
ON
(FOR GOOD)

YLICK!

UNFIT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION

YOU SEE? DER PULSATOR THING IS SHAPED LIKE DER PERFECT WAVE! TEN, MAYBE FIFTEEN KILO... MILES... OFFSHORE, DER AMPLIFICATED SONIC STUFF MAKES BIG WAVES SHAPED JUST LIKE IT!

FANTASTIC!

SHEER GENIUS, BUT...

SLURP!

HMMMM

...HOW DO WE GET IT THAT FAR OFF-SHORE?

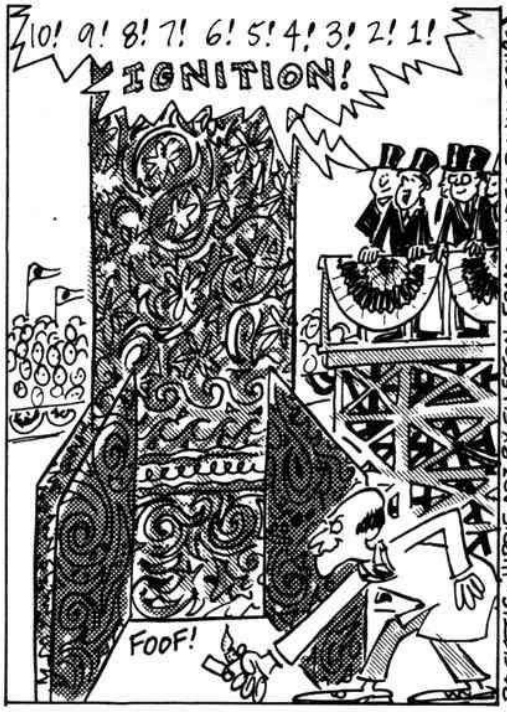
EH... DOT PART I CAN HELP WITH! HEH! I BUILT DER WAVE MACHINE IN DER NOSE...

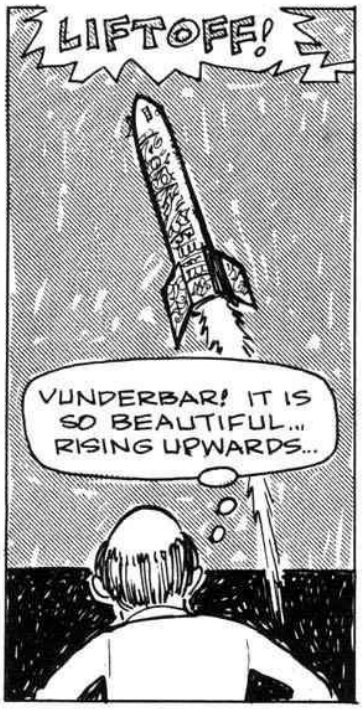
...OF THIS LITTLE ...HEH... TOY I SMUGG-UH... BROUGHT WITH ME WHEN I FLED... ...EH... IMMIGRATED FROM DER OLD COUNTRY... SIGH! ANYWAY... I HAFF SAVED IT FOR DER SPECIAL OCCASION!

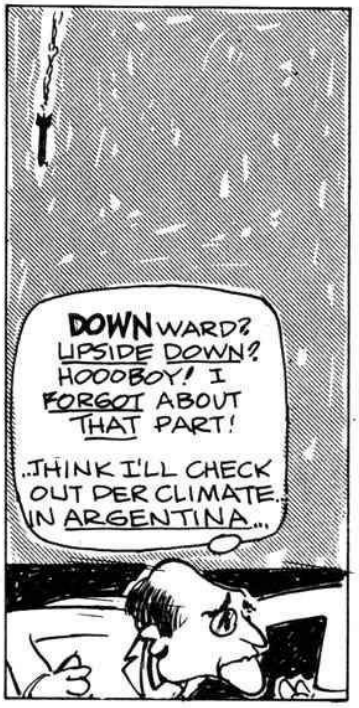
V-2

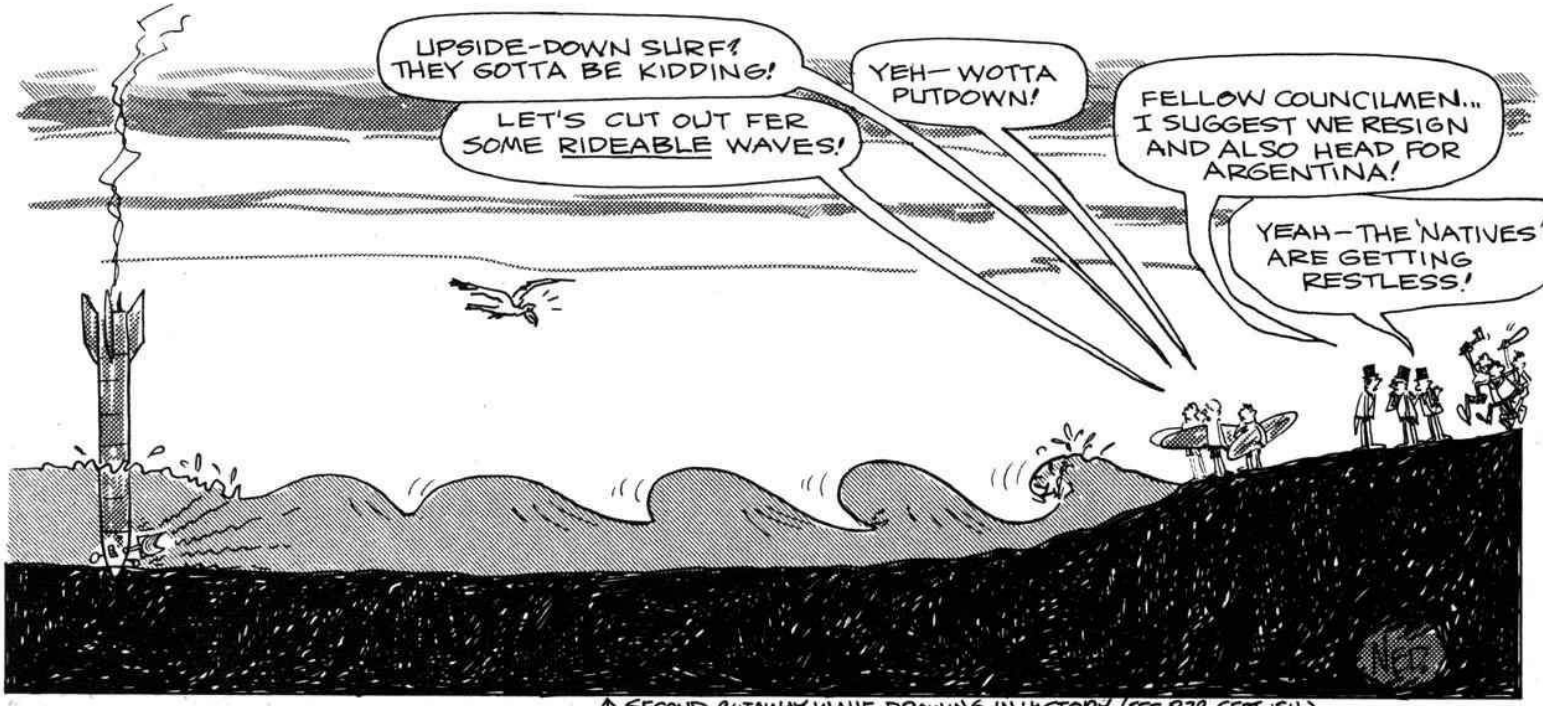
ACHTUNG!

NEIN MIT DER SMOKINK!









↑ SECOND CUTAWAY WAVE DRAWING IN HISTORY. (SEE P.29, SEPT ISH.)

STILL think an airplane with surfboard-wings won't FLY, sweetz?

You gotta be KIDDIN', Luv!

THE SURFIN' SEEN

That's a GREAT plan — all FOUR of us on ONE tandem-board!

Yer outa yer GOURD!

This is the LAST time I offer to feed anybody's PET while they're gone on vacation!

HOW TO BE A LIFEGUARD!

A MESSAGE OF UTTER IMPORTANCE

BY HINTON

SO, *SURFTIGER*, YOU FINALLY NOTICED? HUH? WHERE'S ALL THOSE BOUNCY LI'L BEACHBUNNIES? RUBBING OIL ON *YOUR* FLAKEY BACK? ***NO!*** THEY'RE ALL OVER *THERE* AT THE LIFEGUARD STAND SCHLEPPING OVER THAT CLOWN IN THE CORNY RED TRUNKS AND WHISTLE! THAT'S WHERE! SO WHADDA YOU GONNA DO? CRY? *RUN AMOK?* OF COURSE NOT!! YOU'RE GONNA JOIN 'EM, DUMB-DUMB!

PATHS TO SUCCESS

RIGHTEOUS PRIMROSE PATH: RIGOROUS TRAINING FOR AT LEAST 3 YEARS, THEN PRAY YOU CAN PASS A TEST THAT WOULD FLUNK MOST OF THE *ROYAL CANADIAN AIRFORCE*

SNEAKY-EASY SURFTOONIE PATH: FOR ONLY $7.29 CHEAP PURCHASE ABOVE ITEMS (1 THRU 5) AND FAKE IT —

WORDS OF CAUTION: BEWARE OF DOPEY LITTLE KIDS WHO INSIST ON DROWNING WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST PROVOCATION ***REMEDY:*** NOTE OUR HEROE'S LEFT FOOT — *DON'T BE DISTRACTED.*